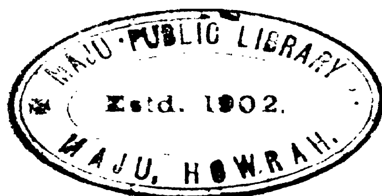
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EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS.

ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT.



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BY

LEIGH HUNT.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.



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Introduction.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born at Southgate, a pleasant rural village in the parish of Edmonton, on the 19th of October 1784. From his father he inherited tropical blood: his mother, Mary Shewell, was a native of Philadelphia, though she, like her husband, was of English descent. A son of mirth and melancholy, he quaintly calls himself, playing on the etymological significance of his parents' names. Isaac Hunt, the father, was a courtly claret-drinking clergyman, with an elocutionary taste for sermons, and a propensity for getting into debt; a charming society-man of the pulpit—eloquent, elegant, shiftless, and incorrigibly light-hearted. His wife, a sad and suffering woman, never ceased to believe in him, and to admire his fine voice and manners; and when he ~~graduated~~ from Anglican orthodoxy to Unitarianism, and thence to Universalism, she followed him in seeking new ways to heaven, as she had followed him in his rudderless courses through life. She was a gentle, half-crushed creature, with some ~~remains still left~~ of an early decision and energy of character; kind and considerate to all, ~~so that~~ she even owed her death to the consequences of an act of impulsive charity. It was from her that her son derived a faint but distinct under-current of melancholy, and a spirit of anxious conscientiousness—timorous of wrong to the extent of pain, and

steadfast for a principle to the verge of temerity,—which, all through his life, served to chasten the gaiety of temperament that came to him from his father.

After seven or eight frail years of early childhood, Leigh Hunt went to school at Christ Hospital, not many months after Coleridge had left it for Cambridge and Lamb for the South Sea House. Hunt's account of his school-days is the most charming episode in that delightful book, his *Autobiography*. Notwithstanding the fastidiousness which his mother's delicate training had fostered, and which, at first, brought him into some ~~natural~~ trouble with his comrades, he seems on the whole to have passed seven pleasant enough years in the cloisters. It is true that the boys had not always quite enough to eat, and no holidays to speak of; true also that the head-master, Boyer, a tyrannical pedant, drove learning into the heads of his scholars by sheer force of muscle. But Leigh Hunt had resources of his own; and though he came to regard Homer with horror, disliked Cicero, and cared for neither Horace nor Ovid, he devoured Tooke's *Pantheon*, text and plates, and doted on certain sixpenny numbers of Spenser, Gray and Collins. He wrote verses, in imitation or emulation of his favourite poets: one on *Winter*, inspired by Thomson, and a *Fairy King*, and odes after Gray. Prose essays, or themes, he wrote in common with the other boys; but with great reluctance, and to the special contempt of the master. He formed friendships, three in number, bordering on adoration; and at thirteen he fell in love with a lively cousin, two years older than himself, who called him *petit garçon*. He visited the house and studio of West the painter, thus becoming at an early age familiar with art; and still oftener, and with yet greater delight, a large old-fashioned house, with a garden, in Austin Friars,—a Garden of Eden to the boy, and a House Beautiful. Best of all was the one holiday of three weeks spent in a country-house in Surrey, one divine August, among fields and books. "I read, walked, had a garden and orchard to run in; and fields that I could have rolled in, to have my will of them."

Toward the end of 1799, Leigh Hunt, then fifteen, doffed

the blue skirts and assumed the unfamiliar hat. He spent some years without much purpose, dabbling in law in his brother Stephen's office, haunting the bookstalls, visiting friends and writing verses. In 1802 his father, with characteristic unwisdom, gathered up his son's blotted paper, and published the verses under the title of *Juvenilia; or, a Collection of Poems written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen.* The book was only too successful, and for a while the precocious boy was very much spoiled. It was not long, however, before the panic of French invasion struck fire out of the British flint; and Leigh Hunt, never likely to be backward in a public duty, lost no time in enrolling himself among the volunteers. A nascent interest in the stage became strengthened and directed by a casual contact, in the ranks, with three well-known actors; and after breaking ground, in private, with a tragedy, a comedy and a farce, Hunt began his career as a prose writer by contributing theatrical criticisms to the *Traveller* (soon after merged in the *Globe*), under the signature of "Mr. Town, Junior, Critic and Censor-General"—a pseudonym derived from his accepted model, at that time, of lively essay-writing, the *Connoisseur* of George Colman and Bonnell Thornton. In 1805 he contributed similar papers to his brother's journal, the *News*. These papers had all the laborious cleverness and precocious severity of judgment which we might expect in a critic of twenty; but they had one sterling and at that time startling novelty of merit,—absolute independence; and they obtained a deserved success. In 1808 the two brothers, John and Leigh, founded the weekly paper, *The Examiner.*

This action, with all it entailed, stands out in the mainly subjective history of Hunt with special prominence. Its first consequence was to draw the student, the verse-writer, the self-absorbed critic, out into the world—the everyday world, where existence is noisy, dusty, disturbed, a wrangle of passions and politics. The new paper soon made its way: it became respected, the organ of thoughtful people, the centre of enlightenment and free principles. By the Government and the extreme Tories it was looked on with a natural suspicion; for

its independent advocacy of reform wore at that time an alarming hue of radicalism; and its tone, even more than its principles, was trenchantly aggressive. Within two or three years the paper was honoured with three ministerial prosecutions, each in itself unsuccessful, but leading up to the fourth and triumphant attack, by which the brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate gaols, and to the payment of a fine of £500 each. The famous article of the 22nd March 1812 was certainly as libellous as truth could make it; and, as Hunt himself says, if the Prince Regent had been magnanimous enough to waive the legal punishment which he was enabled to exact, he would have himself disproved the worst accusations of his censor. He did not; and the brothers went to prison.

The two years of prison-life were not an unmixed misfortune to Leigh Hunt. In 1809 he had married Marianne, the daughter of Thomas and Ann Kent, and he was allowed the company of his wife and children. He had two rooms, which he furnished with books and busts, flowers and piano, and papered with a trellis of roses; and in a yard outside he made a garden, with flower-beds, a grass-plot, and even trees. Among the books he bought at this period was the enormous collection of poetry named the *Parnaso Italiano*—a "lump of sunshine" to him then, as he says, and an appreciable influence in much of his subsequent verse and prose. He continued to write for the *Examiner*, and, beside some other poetical work, composed the greater part of the *Story of Rimini*, which was finished and published in the spring of 1816. Above all, he made the acquaintance of his "friend of friends," Shelley; of Hazlitt, Bentham, Sir John Swinburne, Cowden Clarke; he was visited by Byron, Moore and the Lambs. He came out of prison with somewhat lowered health and spirits, but a wiser man, poorer indeed in pocket, but richer in himself and in friends.

For the next six or seven years (from February 3, 1815, to November 15, 1821) Hunt lived in London (much of the time at Hampstead), writing for the *Examiner*, translating Italian for the booksellers, publishing the verses called *Foliage*, and—what

is of much more importance—writing his most remarkable series of essays, the flower of his finest moments,—the papers issued in weekly numbers under the name of *The Indicator*. He was at this time closely associated with Shelley, Keats and Lamb, and, to some extent, with Coleridge. His recollections of Shelley and Lamb, in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the *Autobiography*, are full of sympathy and appreciation; of Coleridge he has also written admirably, though he never saw very much of him, nor, apparently, felt for him much regard; concerning Keats it was only natural that he should write with a certain constraint. In 1822, at Shelley's solicitation, he determined on going to Italy, to join Byron and Shelley in a proposed Liberal quarterly. The whole affair was unfortunate. After a miserable protracted journey, the Hunts arrived in the summer of 1822 at Leghorn, where they met Byron, and, being joined by Shelley, proceeded to Pisa. Within a few days came the tragedy of Lerici, and Shelley's ashes were laid to rest beneath the Pyramid of Cestius. Between Byron and Hunt there never had been very much real cordiality, and it was not long before the relations between them grew strained, and were broken. The famous and ill-fated *Liberal* came to an end after four numbers, and with it Hunt's prospects and hopes in Italy. Hunt considered himself, probably with justice, to have been aggrieved by Byron; and in 1828, after his return to England, he was ill-advised enough to put into print a book on *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, a book which he afterwards regretted having written, not because he considered it false, or at least insincere, but because he saw it to have been uncharitable and uncalled-for. Before the rupture with Byron he had lived for a while at Genoa; shortly afterwards he went to Florence, taking up his abode, after a brief interval, in the country, at Boccaccio's Maiano, about two miles out of the city. There he lived till the autumn of 1825, more or less ill and disconsolate, obtaining impressions and translating Redi's *Bacchus in Tuscany*. He wrote at this time the *Wishing-Cap Papers* for the *Examiner*, and a work entitled *Christianism; or, Belief and Unbelief Reconciled*, which was privately printed in 1832 by the wish and at the expense of

John Forster. This was the first draft of *The Religion of the Heart*, completed and published more than twenty years later. On the 10th of September, 1825, Hunt left Villa Morandi for England, very glad to be going; he reached London on the 14th of October, and took a house at Highgate.

Leigh Hunt was now forty-one, and he had thirty-four years—nearly half his life—to come; but during all those years he rarely lived out of London, and never took any more active part in public affairs than by the publication of his books and serials, and the performance of his two plays. At Highgate he was in the midst of his favourite English scenery, and never, perhaps, was he more happy than in those days, strolling about the meadows with his day-dreams, his Spenser, his Italian pastorals, and writing the weekly numbers of *The Companion*, a periodical consisting of essays in the manner of the *Indicator* and comments after the style of the *Examiner*. *Sir Ralph Esher*, an attempt to paint the Court of Charles the Second in a fictitious autobiography—scarcely a novel—was written about this time at Epsom, where Hunt lived for a short period before returning finally to London. He first settled at St. John's Wood, where he undertook the daily publication of a little paper, literary and theatrical, of four pages folio, called *The Tatler*, which lasted from September 4, 1830, till March 31, 1832. It was a failure. He wrote the whole of it himself, and the work, as well it might, nearly killed him. In 1833 he had the satisfaction of seeing the successful publication of his *Poetical Works*; and in the summer of the same year he removed to a quiet corner of Chelsea, there to make the acquaintance of his neighbour, Carlyle. He lived at Chelsea seven years, doing journalistic work, composing the poem entitled *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, and writing a number of plays, of which only two were ever performed —*The Legend of Florence* in 1840, and a comedy called *Lovers' Amazements* in 1858. *The London Journal*, a literary miscellany, set up by Leigh Hunt in 1834, and brought to an end within two years' time, contained most of the essays afterwards published as *The Seer*, in the form of a companion volume to the *Indicator*. In 1840 Hunt removed to Kensington, where

he wrote *Stories from the Italian Poets*, *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, *The Palfrey: a Love-story of Old Times*, the concluding portion of *The Town*, the greater part of the *Autobiography*, and the criticism in *Imagination and Fancy*, *Wit and Humour* and *A Book for a Corner*. "The same unvaried day," he tells us "saw me reading or writing, ailing, jesting, reflecting, rarely stirring from home but to walk, interested in public events, in the progress of society, in the 'New Reformation' (most deeply), in things great or small, in a print, in a plaster-cast, in a hand-organ, in the stars, . . . in the flower on my table, in the fly on my paper while I write." The years had brought him, together with more than his share of domestic troubles, friends, and fame, and quiet, if not leisure, to read and write, and they had left him the cheerful mind to enjoy them all. In 1852 his life was saddened by the loss of his youngest son, Vincent. Under the shadow of that loss he completed the religious work of which mention has already been made. It was published in 1853, under the name of *The Religion of the Heart*. In 1857 he endured a second affliction in the death of his wife; and on August the 28th, 1859, he himself quietly passed away, within two months of completing his seventy-fifth year.

The position of Leigh Hunt in our literature might easily be exaggerated, and still more easily under-estimated. Born in the year of Johnson's death, he died only two years earlier than Mrs. Browning; and during the whole of an exceptionally long career he was, both in prose and in poetry, exceptionally prominent without ever attaining quite the first rank. In poetry, his influence can be traced in Keats, and he had the honour of being assaulted by *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* as the leader of the "Cockney" school. In prose he belonged to the generation of Lamb, Coleridge, Landor, De Quincey, Hazlitt. From the earliest years of the century down to to-day, or at least yesterday, his name has been a household word; yet he has left us little, perhaps nothing, of a secured immortality, and before the name of any of the comrades beside whom he worked and wrought on equal terms, his own name pales and flickers. He himself perhaps

expected nothing more ; he made no extravagant claims on his day or its morrow. Of his books he said, "They never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees:" nor are they. But to be that only is to be something delightful.

It has to be remembered, in passing judgment on Leigh Hunt, that nearly the whole of his work was produced rapidly, to meet temporary requirements; that he had not always the choice of work; and that he never had leisure to polish, to correct, to eliminate. He had a ready and most genuine inspiration, an immense diligence, and the necessity to write for his living. As a consequence, he has left us a mass of work which is much of it still pleasant to read, but of very varying and very uncertain value as literature. No single achievement, with the possible exception of the *Autobiography*, stands out boldly from its fellows, firm enough to build a reputation on. Every book, almost every essay, has its charming and admirable qualities, side by side with others less charming and less admirable; so that to find work of Leigh Hunt with which we can be definitely and completely satisfied, work practically flawless and rounded, is rare, more so, I think, than in almost any other writer of at all equal eminence. How far this is due to the circumstances under which it was composed, and how far to inherent limitations, it would be difficult, I suppose impossible, to decide. I can only say that, while I think much, very much, must be allowed in Hunt's favour, on the score of external pressure, we have no reason to suppose him capable, under more favourable circumstances, of any work of altogether sustained elevation. He certainly did not possess the secret of that alchemy by which Charles Lamb distilled the very essence of his quality into each small essay and every little note or fragment. Hunt's quality, as it is, is diluted through hundreds of essays and over thousands of pages; and it is, to say the least, unlikely that he could ever have manifested himself altogether differently—could ever have stamped quite finally his image and superscription on any conceivable circle of currency.

Hunt's best work is to be found in his most spontaneous and casual writings—in his periodical essays, written for the most part rapidly, and at the beck of any chance suggestion, but on a plan and in a manner perfectly suited to his capacity. He had a model after his own heart in the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, the two essayists with whom, of all his predecessors, he had most in common. To something of eighteenth century humour and sobriety he added a certain modern sparkle and informal lightness of touch; with a bookish intelligence, acutely cognisant of men and things through a medium of reminiscence and reflection, quite peculiar to himself. With the essays we must join the *Autobiography*,—"a pious, ingenious, altogether *human* and worthy book," as Carlyle rightly styled it—in which a congenial subject, lending itself, turn by turn, to the exhibition of his finest characteristics, is so graphically and delicately treated that we can claim for it something of permanent value, of abiding interest. Many of Hunt's books are little more than compilations; compilations made, as a rule, with lively skill, and pleasant enough to read; but still, compilations. The volume of essays most easily accessible, the excellently-named *Men, Women, and Books*, does him great injustice. *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* comes midway between the better and the lesser work; the two volumes of annotated selections from the English poets, *Imagination and Fancy*, and *Wit and Humour*, lean more definitely to the former. Hunt's literary notes and jottings are always good in substance or in form, often in both. His reading was unusually wide, and his sympathies, vivid and ready as they were, were held in check, balanced and directed, by an excellent and impartial judgment. He is usually safe, little likely to be hurried into an excess of enthusiasm or flung upon a raid of vituperation. His notes are not, like those of Lamb, actual revelations; he had not the profound and subtle insight of Coleridge; but as a careful and accurate appraiser of values, his hand and eye are exceptionally sure. Nor is he without flashes of the rarer sort of insight, as the recognition of the now famous character of De Flores in Middleton's *Changeling*—a

recognition which he was the first to give—sufficiently proves. He was beyond almost any writer a lover of books, and everything he wrote was written, as it were, under their shadow.

A single one of his works stands quite apart and by itself—*The Religion of the Heart.* This book, and the feelings which prompted it, must be taken into account in any consideration of Leigh Hunt, for it represents very fully the religious side of an essentially pious nature. "A natural piety, no less than cheerfulness, has," he remarks in the Preface, and he never said a truer thing, "ever pervaded my writings; the cheerfulness, indeed, was a part of the piety, flowing from the same tendency to love and admire." *The Religion of the Heart* is a sort of devotional manual, curiously minute and ceremonial in some of its arrangements, but breathing a spirit of large humanity and most serious and genial piety. The latter and later portion of it is mainly a compilation, and it deals with controversial matters on which opinions must always be very much divided; but the earlier half, without ever being profound, or opening new high-roads of thought, is exquisitely just, pious and reasonable—the voice of a good heart on the lips of a beautiful speaker. It is Hunt's only work of the kind, but it is the manifestation, as I have intimated, of a pervading principle. Hunt's literary merits are singularly dependent on his moral qualities; his essential peculiarity, his special originality, being the offspring of two ideas—the idea of Happiness, and the idea of Duty. In the Seventeenth of the "Rules of Life and Manners" contained in *The Religion of the Heart*, we find the following maxim:—

"To consider the healthy, and therefore, as far as mortality permits, happy exercise of all the faculties with which we have been gifted, as the self-evident final purpose of our being, so far as existence in this world is concerned; and as constituting therefore the right of every individual human creature, and the main earthly object of all social endeavour."

In these words Leigh Hunt expresses his firmest conviction and touches the very spring of his literary method. He wrote to make men happy, and to advocate their making themselves happy. He assures us that he wrestled with dark problems, that

he grappled with the powers of evil and of doubt. If so, it was as the angel in Raphael's picture grapples with the Fiend—easily, gracefully, without noise or dust or disarray of conflict. He tells us nothing of the sterner realities of life, the blacker depths of thought; but he calls out our minds to see the beauty making for happiness in the common things around us. He brings poetry to our breakfast-table, and strikes light out of the pebble at our feet. But his delight in the beauty of the visible world is not a delight purely æsthetic; he does not see with the eye of the painter, to whom the beautiful is supremely interesting for and in itself. He presses beauty into the service of man, and constitutes it an auxiliary and helpmate of happiness. He would have a world of happy and good men and women, pleasing one another and themselves, and delighting to read Spenser, to look at pictures, to wander in the fields, to see plays—their life being all the time a sort of gentle and moral play. He is a lounger in the gardens of literature; a plucker of fruits from the trees of unfallen Edens. In his company we are travellers in enchanted countries, not indeed on the high-roads, not in the cities, but among the meadows, in the villages and pastoral places, with our face to the sunlight and our feet in the long grass. His choicest essays give us the very sense of golden summer afternoons—an innocent entire voluptuousness of mind and body. This is conceivably less mighty a rôle to play than that rôle of Elijah on Carmel enacted so impressively by Leigh Hunt's neighbour and friend at Chelsea; it is not less useful in its way.

Leigh Hunt does not distinctly brace the moral fibre; but he does not relax it. That idea of Happiness, of which I have spoken, was closely connected with its twin-born idea of Duty—a strain, we might say, of his mother's Puritan blood mingling with and tempering the warm Barbadian blood of his father. His sensuous nature, his tropical temperament, his Italianised imagination, are kept in check—kept sweet and clean and pure—by a delicately English sense of the abidingness and the authority of moral sanctions, of Duty—not the Pagan nor the Puritan, but Wordsworth's "stern Daughter of the voice of God,"

who makes the perfume of the flowers and the light and colour of the stars. Thus it is that the Edens of his fancy have no snake, the enchanted gardens no Armida. It is amusing to hear him apologising for the "vivacity—I will not call it levity" of his writings: as if apology were needed! Wholesome air and sweet sunshine are not too common to be less than the most precious of our possessions; and in literature the pleasantness of air and sunshine, such as we meet in the pages of Leigh Hunt, is not common at all.

Leigh Hunt's range, in his essays, is wide; but his topics may all be classed under the two heads of Books and Nature. Under the second head I would include *genre* pictures such as Hunt defined when, in the introduction to just such a sketch as he was describing, he said, "Writers, we think, might oftener indulge themselves in direct picture-making—that is to say, in detached sketches of men and things, which should be to *manners* what those of Theophrastus are to *character*." The country essays, and the lessons and pictures from common things, are among the most delightful and the most characteristic of his writings; a few of rare pensiveness and serious imagination touch our deeper feelings most finely; the bookish papers have the constant charm of the book-lover, and run frequently into the highest reaches of fancy and of style; but the *genre* pictures have a peculiar attractiveness of their own, not exceeded, in its kind, by the qualities of any of the others. The fancy, the homely and remote knowledge, the quiet enjoyable humour contained in these unpretentious little sketches, are of such fine and yet simple and taking quality, that they hold a distinct place in literature—a place not of the highest, but pleasant, and one to be frequented.

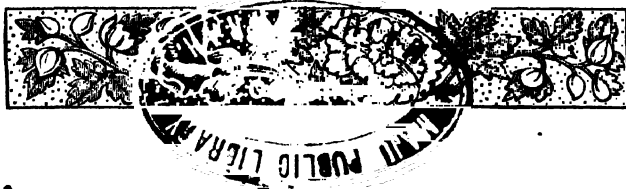
That word "pleasant" seems to have a peculiar appropriateness to Leigh Hunt, and comes first to the lips and last in speaking of him. He is the *pleasantest* writer we have; to him belongs that "sweet temperature of thought" which Landor observed in Addison, and that "attractive countenance, with which he meets us upon every occasion." I cannot think that Leigh Hunt was of the build and stature to "wrestle with and

conquer Time;" his flight was the swallow's—short, uneven, uncertain—and, like the swallow, his day may be over with the summer. But he is specially eminent among the lesser men, and to neglect him is to lose a pleasure which we can get only from him. He is never quite without attractiveness; but his best writings are those in which a congenial subject carries him away, in which he finds scope for an often felicitous fancy and a frequently charming grace of style.

ARTHUR SYMONS.







ESSAYS.

DREAMS ON THE BORDERS OF THE LAND OF POETRY.

I. THE DEMANDS OF POETRY.

HAVE not been in the habit of making memorandums for my verses. Such verse as I could write I have written at once. But the older I grow, the more reverent notions I entertain of poetry; and as I cannot aspire to put anything into verse, and pretend to call it poetry, without shaping it in the best manner of which I am capable (for poetry, without the fit sculpture of verse, is no more to be called poetry, than beauty conceived is beauty accomplished), so I have neither leisure to pay it the requisite attention, nor can I afford the spirit and emotion necessary for this task above all others. The greatest of all poets (who, according to Plato, is God) uttered the planets in his energy, and they went singing around him, perfect. Milton (not to speak it with profaneness, after that unreachable instance) could pour forth his magnificent verses, mighty and full of music, like a procession towards a temple of glory. We conceive of Shakespeare, that he had a still easier might, and that the noblest verses to him were no

greater difficulty than talking. He dispensed them as Nature does the summer showers and the thunder. Alas! to us petty men, who are not sure that we have even the right of being

> "Proud to be less, but of that godlike race,"

to us and our inferior natures there are sometimes toils in life less voluntary and more exhausting than poetry, in reposing from which it is not always possible for us to labour even with the minor energies necessary to throw out the forms within our capacity. We cannot wrestle to fit purpose even with that pettier god within us. We cannot condense those lighter vapours of inspiration into their most vigorous and graceful shape, and feel a right to say to the world, "Behold!"

A poet's hand should be like the energy within the oak, to make strong; and like the wind that bends its foliage, to make various. Without concentration, and without variety, there is neither strength of imagination, nor beauty of verse. Alas! I could no more look to making verses with an ambition of this sort, wearied as I am at present, than I could think of looking through burning glasses for eyes, or hewing the solid rock into a dance of the Graces.

But I have the wish to be a poet, and thoughts will arise within me as painful not to express as a lover's. I therefore write memorandums for verse;—thoughts that might perhaps be worthy of putting into that shape, if they could be properly developed;—hints and shadows of something poetical, that have the same relationship to actual poetry as the little unborn spirits that perish by the waters of Lethe have to the souls that visit us, and become immortal.

II. MY BOWER.

I seek not for grand emotions when I muse. My life has had enough of them. I seek for enjoyment and repose; and, thanks to the invincible youthfulness of my heart, I find them with as much ease in my green world as giant sorrows have found me in the world of strife.

Woods and meadows are to me an enchanted ground, of which a knight-errantry of a new sort has put me in possession.

In the indulgence of these effusions I lay my head as on the pillow before I sleep, as on the grass in summer, as on the lap that soothes us. O lovers of books and of nature, lovers of one another, lovers of love, rest with me under my bowers; and the shadows of pleasant thoughts shall play upon your eyelids.

III. ON A BUST OF BACCHUS.

Gigantic, earnest, luxuriant, his head a very bower of hair and ivy; his look a mixture of threat, and reassurance, and the giving of pleasure; the roughness of wine is in his eyes, and the sweetness of it on his lips. Annibal Caracci would have painted such a face, and grown jealous when his mistress looked at it.

To those shoulders belong the hands that lifted the satyr by the nape of the neck, and played with the lion's mouth as with a dog's.

Cannot you see the glow in the face, even though sculptured? a noontide of the south in its strength? with dark wells in the eyes, under shining locks and sunny leaves? The geniality of his father Jove is in it, with the impetuosity of wine: but it is the lord, not the servant, of wine; the urger of the bowl among the divinities, when the pulses of heaven are in movement with song and dance, and goddess by the side of god looks downward.

Such did he appear when Ariadne turned pale with loving him; and he said, with divine insolence in his eyes, "Am I not then better than a mortal?"

IV. THE GAINS OF A LOVE UNVULGAR.

No:—admire beauty as I may, I cannot love it unless it be lovely; unless it be kind and sincere, and have a soul in it befitting the body. Some, in thinking of a face, are content with a sprightly substance: the true woman is lost upon

them: animated waxwork would do as well. Of such are those who flatter themselves, that they know most of the sex, and who speak of it with an air of stupid cunning. These men are incapable even of the voluptuousness they affect. Not knowing the soul of beauty, they do not properly know even the body of it.

Others include a sense of grace; others the mind, the wit, the affections, all that makes the human being a charmer, and puts twenty souls instead of one into the wish to thank and to delight her. When lovers of the vulgar sort receive a kiss from the lips of such a woman (unworthy they to receive it! and mistaken she to believe them better!) they are sensible but of one kind of beauty; they kiss the lip and the substance only. The others, when they receive it—grace, beauty, intelligence, the affections, the rosy colour, the good-heartedness, and the truth—yes, all these are to be found in the lip, and they kiss them all.

V. SPRING AND SUMMER.

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind, all is bleakness, and darkness, and dissolution. Before, is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading, or walking with one another (lovers); and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings with quiet walks; and we shall sit with our window open, and hear the rooks.

Already the rains are well-tempered. We care not for the chillness, for it is vernal, the cold of a young hand instead of an old one: and at noon, when the sun slips from out a blue interval of sky, we feel him warm on our backs.

Passing the top of the green lane, a gush of song bursts

out upon us from the ivy-bush that clothes the sides of the old house.

See !—birds come by fives and tens in the meadows, agile, unseen before, springing away with a song. And the tops of the horse-chesnut boughs look as if they glowed into the air with life.

VI. RAIN AND SUNSHINE IN MAY.

Can anything, out of the pale of the affections, be more lovely than the meadows between the rains of May, when the sun smites them on the sudden like a painter, and they laugh up at him, as if he had lighted a loving cheek!

And did I say they were out of the pale of the affections? See how my language contradicts me: for all lovely things hang together; neither can a true note of pleasure be touched, but all the chords of humanity respond to it.

I speak of a season when the returning threats of cold, and the resisting warmth of summer-time, make robust mirth in the air; when the winds imitate on a sudden the vehemence of winter; and silver-white clouds are abrupt in their coming down; and shadows in the grass chase one another, panting, over the fields, like a pursuit of spirits. With undulating necks they pant forward, like hounds or the leopard.

See! the cloud is after the light, gliding over the country like the shadow of a god.

And now the meadows are lit up here and there with sunshine, as if the soul of Titian were standing in Heaven and playing his fancies upon them. Green are the trees in shadow; but the trees in the sun, how twenty-fold green they are—rich and variegated with gold. Ovid's parrot inhabits such foliage in the Birds' Elysium.

VII. AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

Did anybody ever think of painting a picture in writing? I mean literally so, marking the localities as in a map.

The other evening I sat in a landscape that would have enchanted Cuyp.

Scene—a broken heath, with hills in the distance. The immediate picture stood thus, the top and the bottom of it being nearly on a level in the perspective:—

Trees in a sunset, at no great distance from the foreground.
A group of cattle under them, party-coloured,
principally red, standing on a small landing place;
the Sun coming upon them through the trees.

A rising ground with trees.	Broken ground.	A rising ground with trees.

Another landing place, nearly on a level
with the cows, the spectator sitting and looking at them.

The Sun came warm and serious on the glowing red of the cattle, as if recognising their evening hues; and everything appeared full of that quiet spirit of consciousness, with which Nature seems rewarded at the close of its day labours.

VIII. A SIGHT OF THE GODS.

I sat upon a green platform under pines, my legs resting over the edge upon a natural step; and a valley lay before me, in a heath, oval, perfect, with hills in the distance. And I said, "By the love I bear you, visions of beauty, come before me, and play me magnificent shows!"

And they came.

And I saw gods and white goddesses, of mighty stature but lovely; for coarseness was not discernible in their features, but all beauty. And they floated in and about,

as my thought summoned them, reclining on the air in the easiness of their will.

And there was Apollo, and he slew the Python in a twilight; and Aurora and the morn broke, all gold and roses; and the Graces, and the whole place became white with lilies; and there was Paris giving the apple; and the Muses; and Hercules and Alceste; and Pan, Pomona, Hylas, and Zephyr and Flora, and the Hesperides. Zephyr took Flora into the air with a net, as the Italian poet sings; and the twins of Leda passed, with their dancing lights; and Hercules led along Alceste, who in the faintness of her death had been as mighty as he.

Sometimes music poured in, as from a hundred fountains; and sometimes a goddess called. Not a leaf then stirred; but the silence trembled. I heard Venus speak; which was as if there should never be sorrow more.

XI. BEAUTY NOT EXAGGERATED BY IMAGINATION.

They say that I speak too highly of what I admire; and that half the beauties which I discern in any object I put there myself. Believe them not. Nature has been before us. We only read what she has written. If others cannot read as much, is that the fault of the book? No: it is their own.

Look at one of the simplest and the most beautiful objects in the world, a cheek; and tell us, how came it? What a thought was the cheek itself, when Nature created it! And do you suppose that a vulgar eye estimates it enough? Put the question to those who can do something like it themselves; to Raphael, or to the poets.

As the poet's thought is worth what it produces, so the cheek of the beauty is worth what it can suggest.

POCKET-BOOKS AND KEEPSAKES.

If publications of this nature proceed as they have begun, we shall soon arrive at the millennium of souvenirs. Instead of engravings, we shall have paintings by the first masters; our paper must be vellum; our bindings in opal and amethyst; and nobody must read us except in a room full of luxury, or a bower of roses. As to the proprietor of the work, he will not condescend to be wholesale. He will take up the trade of Keepsakes exclusively; and Pitt diamonds are not to be sold by the lump. The purchaser will bring a casket for his duodecimo, and deposit a gem.

The reader knows that splendid passage in Marlowe, where the rich Jew of Malta, standing amongst his treasures, and scorning his more vulgar gains, riots in contemplation of the mighy concentrated wealth of his rubies and emeralds. The lines tell, one by one, as if they were diamonds themselves. The fellow cuts them, as out of a quarry, with a pleasure amounting to the austere; and, with the same easy sternness and severity of gusto, piles them monotonously before us, insolently magnificent. He should have been a proprietor of pocket-books.

> "As for those Samnites, and the men of Uzz,
> That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
> Here have I pursed their paltry silverlings.
> Fie! what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
> Give me the merchants of the Indian mines
> That trade in metal of the purest gold;
> The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
> Without control can pick his riches up,
> And in his house keep pearls like pebble stones;
> Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
> Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> And of a caract of this quality,
> May serve, in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity.

This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus, methinks, should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vanes?
East and by south: why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt, and the bordering isles,
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine argosies from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta through our Mediterranean sea."

'Sdeath, sir; nothing but a Pocket-book could have brought him to this pass. Just so will the proprietor of "The Perfection," or "The Ne Plus Ultra," or "The Rapture," or "The Too Much," (or whatever else our future publications may be called), stand among his shelves of souvenirs, and talk of his former trade and of his present.

As for those Baldwins, and the men of Long,
That bought my Walter Scotts and cookery books,
Here have I pursed their paltry sovereigns.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count such books!
Give me the dealers in the souvenirs,
That trade in volumes worth their weight in gold,
Myself their chief, that with my princely funds
Without control can buy good authors up;
And in my house heap books like jewelry;
Printed with ink with wine in it, and bound
By fellows, as at operas, in kid gloves;
Books bound in opal, sapphire, amethyst,
With topaz tooling, Eden green morocco,
That once was slippers to an emperor;
And full of articles of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently written,
And not ascribed unto a man of quality,
Might serve, in peril of a writ of Middlesex,
To ransom great bards from captivity.
This is the sort of publishing for me:
And thus, methinks, should noble booksellers
Discrepate matters from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose

Infinite profit in a little book.
But now how stands the ledger
Into what pockets peer my Christmas bills?
Ha! to the duke's! and see—how stands the clock?.
Three, and half-past: why then I hope my men
I sent to Grosvenor Place and Hyde Park corner
Are gotten up by Mr. Bootle's house;
My gatherers-in from th' east and Albany,
Serious with drafts immense, now under button,
Are smoothly gliding down by Saville Row,
To Bond Street, through our Hanoverian ways.

We are much tempted to go on with these beatific visions of bookselling, and bring all the luxuries in Spenser and Ben Jonson to bear upon them; but we should fill our pages with quotations. Besides, we should be the death of some worthy Bibliomaniacs who, in addition to their love of old books, are polygamious in their reading, and judiciously fond of the new. There is Mr. Utterson, whom his friend, the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, describes as "looking with unceasing delight" at the "beauteous and instructive tomes" upon his shelves;—we should fix him in that posture for ever; and as to the Rev. Thomas himself, who cannot bear, as it is, a common sumptuous publication, "tickled up with the enticing tooling of Charles Lewis," he would fairly be lost and swallowed up in the splendours we should set before him. Frognall, already saltatory, would leap out of his vellum.

The history of Pocket-books and their forerunners, Almanacks, Calendars, Ephemerides, etc., is ancient beyond all precedent: even the Welshman's genealogy, the middle of which contained the creation of the world, is nothing to it. See Milton's Latin poem, *De Ideâ Platonicâ*. The Hydraulic calendars of the Egyptians are things of yesterday; the wooden ones of our Saxon ancestors were *to-morrow* compared with it. We shall therefore decline tracing it from all Eternity (who, according to Milton, was the first person that kept a pocket-book), and content ourselves with observing that the pocket-book, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the same thing as the table-book or tablets

of old, with an almanack attached to it. Tablets (*tavolette*) came to us, like almost everything else, from Italy; and are still to be purchased, made of the same materials as of old—slate, ivory, etc. There is mention of a table-book so late as the time of Walsh, who has written some agreeable verses on one; and of Swift, whose ridicule of the bad spelling in "A Lady's Ivory Table-book" hastened, no doubt, the reformation that has long taken place in that matter; a fault, by-the-way, for which, as in other cases, his own sex was responsible, and not theirs: not to mention that lords as well as ladies could be very heterographical in those days. Swift, indeed, admits the incorrectness of "beau-spelling;" but Pope himself sometimes spelt as badly as his mother.

It was about that time that books of paper were found to be more convenient to the pocket than tablets, and then the word was changed from Table to Pocket-book. For a long period they partook of the usual unwieldiness of a first invention. A pocket-book of the time of our grandmothers no more resembles a pocket-book now, at least not the ones in vogue, than a watch of Charles's time, with a leathern case and cat-gut machinery, and as big round as a turnip, resembles the bijoux that are hung at the end of necklaces. But then our grandmothers had pockets! And pockets of what size! Too grateful are we for the apples and home-made cakes which they used to draw out of them, to speak of them with irreverence. At present, a grandmother must call at the pastry-cooks' as she comes along; and reticules hold little, and bundles are not the thing. The muff does something indeed for us, but that is only in winter; and what is a muff to those glorious old dimity paniers, which would have held a feast! We say "us," because we make a point of partaking on these occasions; and though we have no grandmother, we have long had a grandmother-in-law, and law makes no difference in apples. Apples-in-law are very good things. But everything was on a large, warm, household scale in those days. We remember a series of pocket-books in a great drawer, that, in

addition to their natural size, seemed all to have grown corpulent in consequence of being fed with receipts, and copies of verses, and cuttings out of newspapers. The hook of the clasp had got from eyelet to eyelet, till it could unbuckle no further. These books, in the printed part, contained acrostics and rebuses, household recipes for various purposes, and a list of public events. There was love, politics, and eating. It is a pity the readers could not grow as corpulent as their pocket-books, with as little harm. The cosy memorials we speak of lay in a drawer full of crums of lavender, like so many abbots in clover.

Pocket-books, now-a-days, are all for compression and minuteness. They endeavour to contain the greatest quantity of matter in the smallest compass; to which end the little nonpareil types now in use are of great service. We were acquainted once with a painstaking lover of his ease, who would not undergo any trouble whatever which he could avoid by a shrewd exercise of a greater. He would lay stratagems not to put coals on the fire; and by a series of politic manœuvres contrive to avoid snuffing a candle. This person, when shown a copy of the Literary Pocket-book, which happened to be larger than the usual ones, looked melancholy, and asked how he was to carry it about with him. At the same time he drew his own from his pocket: when it was allowed, that a gentleman who could carry nothing bigger than that showed his good sense in refusing to bring on himself such a load of responsibility; and we all respected him accordingly. A person may now have the old Pocket-book, the old Almanack, and the old Tablets (in the shape of leaves of vellum) all confined in a Lilliputian book no thicker than a penny's worth of gingerbread. The diffusion of literature has carried off the verses and stories from pocket-books of this description, now called Souvenirs, Atlases, and Pocket Remembrancers; and as the smallness of the type enables them to afford a great addition of letterpress, there have come up, by degrees, all those lovely lists of lords and commons, and household officers, and battle array of Army and Navy, which form the

sole literature of many an aspiring youth in employment, and many a lieutenant's sister on a rainy Sunday. Here people read the names of dukes and marquises till they fancy coronets on their own heads: there the cabinet ministers and lord-gold-sticks make a noble clatter, the yeoman of the mouth gaping mystery at the conclusion; and there one sees one's cousin Tom mentioned, and knows in what delicious year one's uncle was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. Afterwards come the bankers, with each his pleasing address; and lastly, the hackney-coach fares, so very useful, that everybody resolves to lug them out and convict the coachman on the spot: which he never does, because he knows it will be to no purpose.

The pocket-books that now contain any literature are "got up," as the phrase is, in the most unambitious style. The rivalry of the day will probably mend them. Common-places of a certain description will always be saleable, because they flatter the self-love of a great number of readers, who are pleased to find their notions re-echoed, and who think they could write pretty nearly as well. But emulation compels change of some sort. There is room for plenty of novelty in every species of pocket-book. Even lists might be increased to great advantage, and turned in a new manner. In some things, it must be owned, it would be difficult to improve. Those little delicate engravings of landscapes and country seats, at the heads of the pages in the Regent's Pocket-book, were, in particular, a happy thought. The graces of vignettes, however, are endless. Mr. Stothard could turn any pocket-book into a nest of Cupids. Every subject might have its allegory, and every allegory be crammed full of beauties. Flowers, outlines, portraits, antiques, miniature copies of Claude and Poussin, such as have been lately poured forth at Paris—all these, and fifty other things, might be put in greater requisition, and turned to account for all parties.

We are now come, however, to a new and more splendid species of pocket-book, in which a great deal of this is

done. There are pocket-books in a new but very proper sense—namely, books for the pocket, without implying that they are to be written in. We speak, in the first place, of those little editions of popular works which appear in the glass-cases of the booksellers' shops every Christmas, and with their varied and glittering bindings tempt the beholders to make presents. Among these are works now exploded in the circles of literature, such as the Tasso and Ariosto of Hoole, Glover's Leonidas, etc.; but almost any books are better than none. A taste for the very commonest verses, like that for the commonest tunes on a hand-organ, is an addition to the humanities, and serves to keep the best things alive. Other publications of this kind are of the highest order, such as Pope and Milton; and there are many of the intermediate class very good and fitting. A spirited bookseller, however, might make a new and profitable addition to the stock. The bindings are seldom very costly, but they are more so than ordinary, sufficient to render the present graceful; and they are generally in good taste. On opening the book we meet, as in a door-way, the elegant ideal beauties of Mr. Westall, or the interesting women of the junior Corbould; and if we start sometimes to find them in company with Hervey's Meditations, or the Night-Thoughts of Dr. Young, we agree, upon reflection, that nothing can be more natural. Hervey looks as if he presented us with a piece of involuntary candour; and the doctor's nocturnal cogitations are considerably improved. Women are very clerical. Hervey may be band; but woman is gown.

It struck somebody who was acquainted with the literary annuals of Germany, and who reflected upon this winter flower-bed of the booksellers—these pocket-books, souvenirs, and Christmas presents, all in the lump—that he would combine the spirit of all of them, as far as labour, season, and sizability went; and omitting the barren or blank part, and being entirely original, produce such a pocket-book as had not been yet seen. The magician in Boccaccio could not have done better. Hence arose the

Forget-me-not, the Literary Souvenirs, the Amulets, and the Keepsakes, which combine the original contribution of the German annual with the splendid binding of the Christmas English present. Far are those for whom this article is written from undervaluing the works of their predecessors, or the contest with their rivals. It is a contest of sunbeams which shall produce the finest gems; *whose* tree, or *whose* parterre, shall burst out into a flush of more splendid blossoms.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites. For our part we enjoy them all. We confess we are anxious in behalf of one in particular; and do hope, that as every single copy of all the others may be the best and *uniquest* that ever was seen, so every one of ours may be *uniquessement*, so that Messrs. Payne and Foss may not know what to think, and Mr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin may be obliged to be held down, lest he should do himself a *bliss-chief:* mischief it could not be from so ecstatic a cause. We fear he would attempt to devour the book.

To confess a weakness, we must own to a greater sympathy with the outsides of books than our mention of this gentleman might imply. Respecting the insides we sometimes venture to differ with him. We cannot go so far as to be transported with anything that he thinks festive in old monkery, or spotless in modern prudery, the immaculate and very profitable Shakespeares not excepted. We cannot consent to doubt with Thomas respecting the merits of Sir Richard Steele, or to admit his comparative nothingness with regard to Addison; albeit we allow that the latter, besides a very great man, was a sort of born clergyman, and a member of the privy council. We are not in the habit, with Frognall, of leaping up to kiss and embrace every "enticing" edition in vellum, and every "sweetly-toned, mellow-toned, yellow morocco binding," calling them "precious," "comforting," "bright," beauteous," "bewitching," "large and lovely," and "irresistible;" epithets of which we allow the full force in their proper places. But we must say, that in common with Mr. Dibdin,

we *have* a penchant for good and suitable, and even rich and splendid bindings; and would fain have the scorching sun strike upon a whole room full of them, with all the colours of a flower-garden or a cathedral window. We confess our hearts misgave us when we quoted the passage about Mr. Utterson, for we are very much of his opinion, and can gaze with delight at a splendid set of shelves. Buonaparte, they say, had a room in which he used to recline on a sofa, and gaze on a window painted with the escutcheons of his vassal monarchs. We could lie in the same manner and gaze on things much better worth looking at—the souls of great men attired in gorgeous dresses. We would have our library as splendid as the casement in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Our Milton should be as "richly dight" as anything "storied" on glass, with organ-pipes clustered on the back. We would have our Chaucer (not an old but an ever young and morning poet) "painted with delight," like his own daisied meadows. Spenser should be in a very Bower of Bliss; and as to our Arabian Nights, we would have them, if we could, bound and lettered by genii, and dazzling with all the wealth "of Ormus and of Ind." They should cast a light upon the carpet.

The genius of binding, we trust, will put forth all its powers on thousands of Keepsakes.

"Sudate, fuochi, a preparer metalli."

Return, Charles Lewis; the feign'd voice is past,
That smok'd thy tools. Return, ye new Du Sueils,
And call the dyers, and bid them hither cast
Their skins, and colours of a thousand hues.
Bring hither all your quaint enamelling men.

Let us behold once again whate'er is seen

On fable or romance of Grallier's hand,
Begirt with Elzevirs and attic nights;
And all who now, book-bit or infidel,
Tool it in calf-skin, or in skin of russ,
In vellum, or morocco, or what's-his-name,
Or what the smugglers brought from Gallic shore,
When Beaumarchais with all his presses fell
By fond establishment.

As we had nothing to do with the christening, we may be allowed to express our approbation of the word Keepsake. It is a good English word; cordial, unpremeditated, concise; extremely to the purpose; and, though plain, implies a value. It also sets us reflecting on keepsakes in general, and on the givers of them; and these are pleasant thoughts. We have the pleasure of writing our words, this moment, *with* a keepsake, *on* a keepsake, and of dipping our pen *into* a keepsake. On one side of us are two others, filled with leaves and flowers; and on three sides, books multifarious, comprising many more. Thus are we a gifted writer in one sense, if in no other, and we are very proud of it; because the givers were such as had a right to give, and the receipts were for respect and affection's sake only.

A present, it is said, should be rare, new, and suitable; neither so priceless as to be worth nothing in itself, nor yet so costly as to bring an obligation on the receiver. We know of no such cautious niceties between friends. The giver, indeed, must have the right to bestow; but let this be the case, and a straw from such a hand shall be worth a sceptre from another. A keepsake, in particular, as it implies something very intimate and cordial, is above these ceremonious niceties. We may see what people think of the real value of keepsakes, by the humble ones which they do not hesitate to bestow in wills.

Petrarch, it is true, when he bequeathed a winter garment to his friend Boccaccio to study in, apologised for "leaving so poor a memorial to so great a man;" but this was only to show his sense of the other's merits: he knew that the very grace of the apology supplied all the riches it lamented the want of, and that Boccaccio, when he sat enveloped in his warm gown, would feel "wrapped up in his friend," as Montaigne said of his father. Something that has been about a friend's person completes the value of a keepsake. Thus people bequeath their very hearts to friends, or even to places they have been attached to; and this is what gives to a lock of hair a value above all other keepsakes: it is a

part of the individual's self. Franklin made no apology when he left Washington his "fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty."

A book may be thought not so good a keepsake as some others, because it is not so durable. In the present instance it may be also objected, that this sort of pocket-book has grown too large for the pocket; and that it cannot be so conveniently taken about with us as it might be. But a book will last us one's life if we choose; and as to carrying it always with us, we do not always have any friend at one's side. Those who love a book, and especially the giver of it, will not be deterred by a size like that of the present one from taking it into fields and gardens; and in the house the size gives it an advantage over miniature publications, having more to show for itself, and to be adorned with; not to mention that we can make presents of it to our grandmothers, without insulting their venerable eyesight.

But what renders a book more valuable as a keepsake than almost any other is, that, like a friend, it can talk with and entertain us. And here we have one thing to recommend, which to all those who prize the spirit of books and of regard above the letter, can give to a favourite volume a charm inexpressible. It is this: that where such an affectionate liberty can be taken either in right of playing the teacher, or because the giver of the book is sure of a sympathy in point of taste with the person receiving it, the said giver should mark his or her favourite passages throughout (as delicately as need be), and so present, as it were, the author's and the giver's minds at once. We had once the pleasure of seeing a great poet occupied, for this very purpose, in reading the Fairy Queen, and marking every verse that pleased him.

For our parts, if friends and lovers chose to set their invention to work, and try how far they could make a literary keepsake the representative of all other keepsakes, we are of opinion that they would realise much more than

they are aware of, and find it an agreeable pastime instead of a difficulty. It would be very costly, it is true; and in most cases there is as much good taste in avoiding excessive costliness, as there is in giving princely way to it in others. One precious name, or little inscription at the beginning of the volume, where the hand that wrote it is known to be generous in its wishes, if not in its means, is worth all the binding in St. James's. But if our invention were taxed in the style of the Jew of Malta, and we had his rubies and diamonds to pay the cost with, we would pamper one of these keepsakes into such a book, that the beholder of it on a friend's table should not know whether it were the book itself, or the casket that contained it. First, we would have a copy printed on vellum: the cover should be thick with emerald and crystal: keepsakes of all kinds should glitter without and within; hearts in ruby, and fervid letters in opal: there should be illuminations, and miniatures, and crowds of sculpture and arabesque in the smallest compass: a border of the exquisitest flowers on ivory should run round it; and, the easiest thing of all, there should be a crystal with a key to it in the midst, that when the heart was full, the locks of hair might be kissed.

How fortunate for empty hands, that one blessing upon the head can beat all these riches! and yet to imagine it is in some measure to give. The finest new year's present, that we ever read of, was given by Davenant to the lady of his friend and patron, Endymion Porter. See the style in which he makes it, and which Marlowe himself would have exulted to witness:

TO THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER.

A PRESENT UPON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Goe! hunt the whiter ermine! and present
His wealthy skin, as the daye's tribute sent
To my Endymion's love; though she be far
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
Goe! climbe that rock! and when thou there hast found
A star, contracted in a diamond,

Give it Endymion's love; whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Goe! dive into the southern sea! and when
Thou 'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boasts all the wonders which the seas bring forth,
Give it Endymion's love! whose every teare
Would more enrich the skilfull jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock; nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus poets, like to kings, by trust deceived,
Give oftener, what is heard of, than received.

After all, it is easy to combine with a literary keepsake the most precious of all the keepsakes—hair. A braid of it may be used instead of ribbon to mark the page with, and attached to the book in the usual way of a register. And so, with this return home from our altitudes, we conclude.

OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS.

I.

THOUGH we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view; and among others, from the entertainment to be derived from its shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention: and besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the *Arabian Nights*, with their Bazaars and Bezesteins; where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slaves (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played; upon which he sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly; upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation

is brought in; upon which they eat, but not much. A dance ensues, and the ocular sympathy is growing tenderer, when an impossible old woman appears, and says that the Sultan is coming. Alas! How often have we been waked up, in the person of the young draper or jeweller, by that ancient objection! How have we received the lady in the veil, through which we saw nothing but her dark eyes and rosy cheeks! How have we sat cross-legged on cushions, hearing or handling the lute, whose sounds faded away like our enamoured eyes! How often have we not lost our hearts and left hands, like one of the Calendars? Or an eye, like another? Or a head; and resumed it at the end of the story? Or slept (no, not slept) in the Sultan's garden at Schiraz with the fair Persian.

But to return (as well as such enamoured persons can) to our shops. We prefer the country a million times over for walking in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly-dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops are pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose, that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter therefore will pardon us, if we do

not find anything very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their load of virgin paper, their slates and slate pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books, and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and the impossibility of writing anything pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing in a stationer's shop, when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, etc., which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young ladies have casts in their eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr Harlowe.

In a hatter's shop we can see nothing but the hats; and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious animal, but the idea of it is not entertaining enough to convert a window full of those requisite nuisances into an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the *crewel*-shop next door,—a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary, however, to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places; which is some relief to the monotony of the windows; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop, much inferior to the ginger-bread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse; particularly if it has

a Golden Leg over it; for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the City, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of drysalters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows in the morning is, to us, one of the very dismallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because everybody abuses it: but we cannot. It must bear its fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light; but in passing from shop to shop the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a balk to one's spirits as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is pleasant upon the whole to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune; for why should he die a death at every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse is a horrid object; but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there; the altered fellow-creature is not there; but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well, however, at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in the

Italian warehouse,—its name and its olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief: but we understand that it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music-shop, with its windows full of title-pages, is provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless, like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song.—A bookstall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on without the horrors of not buying anything; unless, indeed, the master or mistress stands looking at him from the shop door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakespeare and the Tatlers. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is to some. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the meantime, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above

all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the "Devil and the Bag o' Nails;" and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "*Lovely Nan*," or "*Brave Captain Death*," or "*Tobacco is an Indian Weed*," or "*Why, Soldiers, why;*" or "*Says Plato, why should man be vain;*" or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

> "Now what can man more desire
> Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire:
> And on his knees," etc.

We will even refuse to hear anything against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the virtuous leave off seduction and old port. In the meantime, we give up to anybody's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's. And yet see how things go by comparison. We remember, in our boyhood, a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, who could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration than the butchers' shops. She had no notion, from what she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passable. An open potato-shop is a dull, bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheesemonger's is then at its height of annoyance, unless you see a paviour or bricklayer coming out with his three penn'orth on his bread—a better sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with its birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird anywhere but in the open air, alive and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become its winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate its panes, with *Ham and Beef* scratched upon them

in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant, with its red and white chessmen, and little big-headed Indians on elephants; so is a toy-shop, with its endless delights for children. A coachmaker's is not disagreeable, if you can see the painting and panels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which, as we have already shown, are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with its mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The greengrocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hairdressers are also interesting as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads—we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with its rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not very amusing, unless it has those reflecting-glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner, in dreary longitude. A saddler's is good, because it reminds one of horses. A Christian sword-maker's or gunmaker's is edifying. A glass-shop is a beautiful spectacle; it reminds one of the splendours of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy colour, the fiery sparkles and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace. Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is something striking to us in the large, well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimneys. We also greatly admire a wharf, with its boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water, not to mention the smell of pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons, the crabbedest old lane has its merits in our eyes, if there is

a sailmaker's in it, or a boat-builder's, and water at the end. How used old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said, "Blue against Black at any time," meaning the Westminster boys! And the colleges will ratify his praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the streets a printseller's pleases us the most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi, Mr. Molteno, or Messieurs Moon and Boys, to look at their windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition. We can see fine engravings there, translations from Raphael and Titian, which are newer than hundreds of originals. We do not despise a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-averted face of the prettiest of accountants, especially with a beggar watching and praying all the while at the door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for its flowered draperies and richly coloured shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite, half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out; for here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept shopping; and here, while some ladies give the smallest trouble unwillingly, others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere purpose of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of a wife by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be something equivocal; but we must say, that of all modes of the kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most, and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter.

II.

In the general glance that we have taken at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object, therefore, of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds, and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day; time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths; the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills.

To begin, then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop—

> Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
> Ye just-breech'd ages, crowd not on our soul!

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon;—then feel it well suspended; then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and ginger-bread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and cake-eating period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun, fine of its kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. Its memories are not so ancient: for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing; it is not "like life." The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow; and the

pea which it shoots, however hard, produces, even to the imaginative faculties of boyhood, a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea: but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in its wooden blade as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic.—In the corner opposite are battledores and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties; balls, which possess the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows;—ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces;—blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim, long, white faces, no bodies, and endless tails;—cricket-bats, manly to handle;—trap-bats, a genteel inferiority;—swimming-corks, despicable;—horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public;—rocking-horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent yet never getting on;—Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters;—dissected maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple;—boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline;—ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometricks;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares;—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that

the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes;—musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells;—penny trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide;—jews' harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue;—carts—carriages—hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet;—in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest, however, against that abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We prefer good, honest, plump limbs of cotton and sawdust, dressed in baby-linen; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from its respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronised by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion: yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has its amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which, when cut, looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionery does not seem in the same request as of old; its paint has hurt its reputation. Yet the school-boy has still much to say for its humbler suavities. Kisses are very amiable and

allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter-paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candied citron we look upon to be the very acmé and atticism of confectionery grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. The other day there was a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade,—so called, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun; especially as we can take up that and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day; the blinds down; the loungers unusually languid; the pavement burning one's feet; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln; so that everybody is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the Continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintry refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having *had* the ice.

> Not heaven itself can do away that slice;
> But what has been, has been; and I have had my ice.

There are two more excellent shops we must not omit—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice; the apple, with its brown red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun; the pear, swelling downwards; thronging grapes, like so many tight

little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in light long baskets; the red little mouthful of strawberries; the larger purple ones of plums; cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than anything new; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains; the swelling pomp of melons; the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts; the quaint cashoo-nut; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves,—in short,

> "Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
> In India East or West, or middle shore
> In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
> Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
> Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell."
> —MILTON.

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop than in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his *Life of Dryden* (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves"), is "no inelegant pleasure;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with its rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

> "Here be grapes whose lusty blood
> Is the learned poets good,
> Sweeter yet did never crown
> The head of Bacchus;—nuts more brown
> Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them;
> Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
> For these black-ey'd Driope
> Hath often times commanded me,
> With my clasped knee to climb;
> See how well the lusty time

Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade."

—FLETCHER's *Faithful Shepherdess.*

How the poets double every delight for us, with their imagination and their music!

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put up on a mantel-piece than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snowball" in Italy can hardly receive so jarring a balk to his gums as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach; but the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best plaster-casts the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone Street, Golden Square, and Sarti's in Greek Street, are the best. Of all the shop-pleasures that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers, ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the Celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here

the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club, as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek, and his thicker hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body, and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side is the Crouching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his animal spirits, and the Piping Faun, sedater because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dignity—a beauty unimpairable by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull and literal effeminacy of some of the other emperors! There is a sort of presence in sculpture, more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. In our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr. West, in Newman Street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us the moment the street-door was closed, and we began stepping down those long carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they

turned. We had observed everybody walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion, and we went so likewise. We have walked down with him at night to his painting-room, as he went in his white flannel gown, with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing; and everything looked so quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were, always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over real. It is to that house with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground, surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts. And if this is a piece of private history, with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuses, which is Love.

THE FAIR REVENGE.

AGANIPPUS, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, he had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence, however, was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court;

and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least they speculated upon becoming each the favourite minister, and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression, the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles supplied her cause with all the ardour which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal

statuary; or staking the fated horses upon spears riveted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she; "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic, as well as courteous and kind in me, to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison a conqueror after all, for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and, as it seemed to her, a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept."

Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions, and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good-will. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return," and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison, and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice, for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort, and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguing with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory, the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her whilst she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head which bound its healthy white temples when she sat on horseback and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand, and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards, and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair, and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was, and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the companion of

the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What! am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful as I have heard?" "Pardon me, sir," answered Phorbas, "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after. "Her wits to fail!" murmured the king; "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and, breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year, however, did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth,

the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart, and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which, had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them

pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling overhead, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together;

which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure: or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of

suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and

women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

WALKS HOME BY NIGHT.

WATCHMEN.

THE readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has

made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moonlight, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humour. Nature is a great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyments.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more tiresome we may choose to find it; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably "curse those comfortable people" who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another, "Bad thing to be out of doors to-night."

Supposing, then, that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But

their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off. We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover, for instance, no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room. This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume, then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree; sorrow is suspended; and you endeavour to think that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think; love of no heartless order, and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares and curtain-lectures, and such-like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others about "balmy sleep," and the soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly "fast as a church" by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our licence to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door; which, while it does so, reminds us also

that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and great-coat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses. By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands—a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him "go along?" We dodge him in vain; we run; we stand and "hish!" at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel; or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh! come, he has turned a corner, he has gone; we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy, and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not "hishing" at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma; our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathisers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and ethereal companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company—is the party you have left; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting

upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something; imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country: the fog and rain are over; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No; useless they are not; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps if they were in their beds; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons in-doors, which, together with the amplitude of their coating, and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be "somebody." They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He cannot speak to "things of night;" nor bid "any man stand in the king's name." He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor "let gentlemen go;" nor is he "a parish-man." The churchwardens don't speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of "the great plumber," he would not say, "How do you find yourself, Tomkins?"—"An ancient and quiet watchman." Such he was in the time of Shakespeare, and such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to procure quiet on all sides, his

own included. For this reason he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word "three." The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By-the-way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner to-morrow; or what they were about six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling; or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford Street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "păst ten" in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover Square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third, who cried the hour in Bedford Square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words "past" and "o'clock," and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subsequent fancies of what might have taken place are mixed up with it; but my impression is, that as I

was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading* Watchman. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding* Watchman. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his commonplaces at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, "Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office."

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! How beautifully grim and nocturnal this wooded avenue of ascent against the cold white sky! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their "Good mornings;"—not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them;—another pull up the hill, unyielding; a few strides on a level; and

there is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou, Steele, who didst humanise upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding, thou whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet was not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves*, down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or, at least, the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did

it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

"The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king."

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the

remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking Pond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable, retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

He bolts!

He's off!—*Evasit! erupit!*

"Oh," exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true—"*He'll go up all manner of streets!*"

Poor fellow! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke Street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

Somebody, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis:* and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift, and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakespeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military

games, is worse. His best Paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope that the state mentioned by the Apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realisation of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taught and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realise everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven;—we mean, for that period: and that afterwards, if we

behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realise all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follow:—

Imprimis,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female)—*Imprimis,* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together "of afternoons;" and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

Item, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know, upon the best authority, that people are "neither married or given in marriage;" so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By-the-way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more Reverend than their neighbours.) *Item,* then, a mistress; beautiful, of course,—an angelical expression,—a Peri, or Houri, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered,

laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but, above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade.

Item, books. Shakespeare and Spenser should write us *new ones!* Think of that. We would have another Decameron: and Walter Scott (for he will be there too;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

> We think, admitted to that equal sky,
> The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."—He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of new-comers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd, by-the-bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we choose, now and then we shall even have inconveniences.

A "NOW."

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp, uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural

ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedgerow elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one

another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers looks vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

A "NOW."

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY.

"Now, all amid the rigours of the year."—THOMSON.

A FRIEND tells us, that having written a "Now," descriptive of a hot day, we ought to write another, descriptive of a cold one; and accordingly we do so. It happens that we are, at this minute, in a state at once fit and unfit for the task, being in the condition of the little boy at school, who, when asked the Latin for "cold," said he had it "at his fingers' ends;" but this helps us to set off with a right taste of our subject; and the fire, which is clicking in our ear, shall soon enable us to handle it comfortably in other respects.

Now, then, to commence.—But first, the reader who is good-natured enough to have a regard for these papers, may choose to be told of the origin of the use of this word Now, in case he is not already acquainted with it. It was suggested to us by the striking convenience it affords to descriptive writers, such as Thomson and others, who are fond of beginning their paragraphs with it, thereby saving themselves a world of trouble in bringing about a nicer conjunction of the various parts of their subject.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks—
Now flaming up to heaven the potent sun—
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky—
But now—
When now—
Where now—
For now—etc.

We say nothing of similar words among other nations, or of a certain *But* of the Greeks which was as useful to them on all occasions as the *And so* of the little children's stories. Our business is with our old indigenous friend. No other *Now* can be so present, so instantaneous, so extremely *Now*, as our own Now. The now of the Latins—*Nunc*, or *Jam*,

as he sometimes calls himself—is a fellow of past ages. He is no Now. And the *Nun* of the Greek is older. How can there be a *Now* which was *Then?* a "*Now-then,*" as we sometimes barbarously phrase it. "Now *and* then" is intelligible; but "Now-then" is an extravagance, fit only for the delicious moments of a gentleman about to crack his bottle, or to run away with a lady, or to open a dance, or to carve a turkey and chine, or to pelt snow-balls, or to commit some other piece of ultra-vivacity, such as excuses a man from the nicer proprieties of language.

But to begin.

Now the moment people wake in the morning they perceive the coldness with their faces, though they are warm with their bodies, and exclaim "Here's a day!" and pity the poor little sweep, and the boy with the water-cresses. How anybody can go to a cold ditch, and gather water-cresses, seems marvellous. Perhaps we hear great lumps in the street of something falling; and, looking through the window, perceive the roofs of the neighbouring houses thick with snow. The breath is visible, issuing from the mouth as we lie. Now we hate getting up, and hate shaving, and hate the empty grate in one's bed-room; and water freezes in ewers, and you may set the towel upright on its own hardness, and the window-panes are frost-whitened, or it is foggy, and the sun sends a dull, brazen beam into one's room; or, if it is fine, the windows outside are stuck with icicles; or a detestable thaw has begun, and they drip; but, at all events, it is horribly cold, and delicate shavers fidget about their chambers, looking distressed, and cherish their hard-hearted enemy, the razor, in their bosoms, to warm him a little, and coax him into a consideration of their chins. Savage is a cut, and makes them think destiny really too hard.

Now breakfast is fine; and the fire seems to laugh at us as we enter the breakfast-room, and say, "Ha! ha! here's a better room than the bed-chamber!" and we always poke it before we do anything else; and people grow selfish about seats near it; and little boys think their elders

tyrannical for saying, "Oh, *you* don't want the fire; your blood is young." And truly that is not the way of stating the case, albeit young blood is warmer than old. Now the butter is too hard to spread; and the rolls and toast are at their maximum; and the former look glorious as they issue smoking out of the flannel in which they come from the baker's; and people who come with single knocks at the door are pitied; and the voices of boys are loud in the street, sliding or throwing snow-balls; and the dustman's bell sounds cold; and we wonder how anybody can go about selling fish, especially with that hoarse voice; and school-boys hate their slates, and blow their fingers, and detest infinitely the no-fire at school; and the parish-beadle's nose is redder than ever.

Now sounds in general are dull, and smoke out of chimneys looks warm and rich, and birds are pitied, hopping about for crumbs, and the trees look wiry and cheerless, albeit they are still beautiful to imaginative eyes, especially the evergreens, and the birch with boughs like dishevelled hair. Now mud in roads is stiff, and the kennel ices over, and boys make illegal slides in the pathways, and ashes are strewed before doors; or you crunch the snow as you tread, or kick mud-flakes before you, or are horribly muddy in cities. But if it is a hard frost, all the world is buttoned up and great-coated, except ostentatious elderly gentlemen, and pretended beggars with naked feet; and the delicious sound of "All hot" is heard from roasted apple and potato stalls, the vendor himself being cold, in spite of his "hot," and stamping up and down to warm his feet; and the little boys are astonished to think how he can eat bread and cold meat for his dinner, instead of the smoking apples.

Now skaters are on the alert; the cutlers' shop-windows abound with their swift shoes; and as you approach the scene of action (pond or canal) you hear the dull grinding noise of the skates to and fro, and see tumbles, and Banbury cake-men and blackguard boys playing "hockey," and ladies standing shivering on the banks, admiring anybody but

their brother, especially the gentleman who is cutting figures of eight, who, for his part, is admiring his own figure. Beginners affect to laugh at their tumbles, but are terribly angry, and long to thump the by-standers. On thawing days, idlers persist to the last in skating or sliding amidst the slush and bending ice, making the Humane-Society-man ferocious. He feels as if he could give them the deaths from which it is his business to save them. When you have done skating you come away, feeling at once warm and numb in the feet, from the tight effect of the skates; and you carry them with an ostentatious air of indifference, as if you had done wonders; whereas you have fairly had three slips, and can barely achieve the inside edge.

Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so; and coachmen, cabmen, and others, stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves; and blacksmiths' shops look pleasant, and potato shops detestable; the fishmongers' still more so. We wonder how he can live in that plash of wet and cold fish without even a window. Now clerks in offices envy the one next the fire-place; and men from behind counters hardly think themselves repaid by being called out to speak to a countess in her chariot; and the wheezy and effeminate pastry-cook, hatless and aproned, and with his hand in his breeches-pockets (as the graphic Cruikshank noticeth in his almanack) stands outside his door, chilling his household warmth with attending to the ice which is brought him, and seeing it unloaded into his cellar like coals. Comfortable look the Miss Joneses, coming this way with their muffs and furs; and the baker pities the maid-servant cleaning the steps, who, for her part, says she is not cold, which he finds it difficult to believe.

Now dinner rejoiceth the gatherers together, and cold meat is despised, and the gout defieth the morrow, thinking it but reasonable on such a day to inflame itself with "t'other bottle;" and the sofa is wheeled round to the fire after dinner, and people proceed to burn their legs in their

boots, and little boys their faces; and young ladies are tormented between the cold and their complexions, and their fingers freeze at the pianoforte, but they must not say so, because it will vex their poor, comfortable grand-aunt, who is sitting with her knees in the fire, and who is so anxious that they should not be spoilt.

Now the muffin-bell soundeth sweetly in the streets, reminding us, not of the man, but his muffins, and of twilight, and evening, and curtains, and the fireside. Now play-goers get cold feet, and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms, and make themselves worse; and the streets are comparatively silent; and the wind rises and falls in moanings; and the fire burns blue and crackles; and an easy-chair with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off, is a bit of heaven upon earth. People in cottages crowd close into the chimney, and tell stories of ghosts and murders, the blue flame affording something like evidence of the facts.

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-cold,"

or you think her so. The whole country feels like a petrifaction of slate and stillness, cut across by the wind; and nobody in the mail-coach is warm but the horses, who steam pitifully when they stop. The "oldest man" makes a point of never having "seen such weather." People have a painful doubt whether they have any chins or not; ears ache with the wind; and the waggoner, setting his teeth together, goes puckering up his cheeks, and thinking the time will never arrive when he shall get to the Five Bells.

At night, people become sleepy with the fireside, and long to go to bed, yet fear it on account of the different temperature of the bed-room; which is furthermore apt to wake them up. Warming-pans and hot-water bottles are in request; and naughty boys eschew their night-shirts, and go to bed in their socks.

"Yes," quoth a little boy, to whom we read this passage, "and make their younger brother go to bed first."

ON THE REALITIES OF IMAGINATION.

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and therefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly. There is nothing imaginary in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* is good argument here:—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognise the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that anything else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of its warmth. But on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all; but to see whether our neighbours may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it? No;—neither perhaps do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient,—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings. But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it; and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by

a butcher, and a man knocked down by a fit of apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy equally move the muscles about the mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes. We may be content to know the earth by its fruits; but how to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If, instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing its existence: we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether everything consist not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes, which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums, for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know anything about the matter; or how we can be sure that in the infinite wonders of the universe certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that seeing the general tendency of nature to this completeness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude that the

imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description.

We do not profess metaphysics. We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that art, that we are never sure whether we are using even its proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience; and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which, if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion, from our very confession, to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical; rather sentient because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by its wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant. And yet those who see farther may not see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe it to be there, but we find its light upon earth also; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there; must be so, as long as we are mortal;

"For oft we still must weep, since we are human:"

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity,—that they cannot but realise a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us; and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich everybody. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is a good one from its

very nature; and fulfils at least a glad destiny of its own. To look upon it austerely is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment.

But we shall be getting into other discussions.—The ground-work of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against its abuse will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious. If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him: the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all divining-rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let a painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colours of green and brown, but their combinations and contrasts, and the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds, or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear "differences discreet" in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the water-fall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at a lady's window, with a voice rising through it; or the horn of the hunter; or the musical cry of the hounds,

"Matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each;"

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all nature send tribute into that spot.

We may say of the love of nature what Shakespeare says of another love, that it

"Adds a precious seeing to the eye."

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This and imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude. The birds are the animal spirits of nature, carolling in the air, like a careless lass.

"The gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes; and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."—*Paradise Lost*, book iv.

The poets are called creators, because with their magical words they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases; and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented (for invention means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as anything else which touches us. If a passage in *King Lear* brings the

tears into our eyes, it is real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure; and the advantage, nay even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realise, and the pleasure we derive. Intellectual objects, therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the stock of nature as visible ones; and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a church-yard and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder and the Bermoothes of Shakespeare! the isle

> "Full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not;"

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the sea-shore; of coral-bones and the knell of sea-nymphs; of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help; telling him,

> "I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no."

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us; worlds to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. America began to be richer for us the other day, when Humboldt came back and told us of its luxuriant and gigantic vegetation; of the myriads of shooting lights,

which revel at evening in the southern sky; and of that grand constellation, at which Dante seems to have made so remarkable a guess (*Purgatorio*, cant. i., v. 22). The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it; awaken the sleeping riches of its eyesight, and call forth the glad music of its affections.

Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but

> "The assembled souls of all that men held wise."
>
> —DAVENANT.

The moon is Homer's and Shakespeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of its dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and associations can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old, at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history, and its literature; its towers, and rivers; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth; its multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

SPRING AND DAISIES.

Spring, while we are writing, is complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalised, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear crystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. Its voices and swift movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardour of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We have not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and butter-cups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies-of-the-valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time, all come out to

wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is not only its youth, and beauty, and budding life, and "the passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet,

> "Let those love now, who never loved before;
> And those who always loved, now love the more."

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all our systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude—not merely on its common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously conferred. Thus we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received. The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents, whose persons or address have not been much calculated to inspire it. In spring-time, joy awakens the heart: with joy awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude we return, on its own principle of participation, the love that has been shown us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves: in the former, they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the Spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in their own character, and played with them only as with her shadow. See how exquisitely he turns a commonplace into this fancy; and

what a noble, brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is indeed a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything;
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still; and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play."

Shakespeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. Perdita, crowned with flowers, in the *Winter's Tale*, is beautifully compared to

"Flora,
Peering in April's front."

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer.

"In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned."

His allusions to Spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of pallets:—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it.

If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book as is never very likely to be written—a journal of numberless happy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult to put together, than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish.—But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with its asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us; and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called the daisy Bellis or Bellus, as much as to say Nice One. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl—Marguerite, Margarita, or, by way of endearment, Margheretina. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of the *Flower and the Leaf*, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says,

> "And at the laste there began anon
> A lady for to sing right womanly
> A bargaret in praising the daisie,
> For as me thought among her notes sweet,
> She said "Si douset est la Margarete."

"The Margaret is so sweet." Our Margaret, however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel; yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of its making the figure that it does; for he has informed us more than once, in a very particular manner, that it was his favourite flower. He

says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies;" and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass,

"Adown full softèley I gan to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide
For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisie;
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one, is repeated by Ben Jonson, who takes occasion to spell the word "days-eyes;" adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning,

"Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;

videlicet, cowslips: which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists:

"——Puddings of the plum,
And fingers of the lady."

Mr. Wordsworth introduces his homage to the daisy with a passage from George Wither; which, as it is an old favourite of ours, and extremely applicable both to this article and our whole work, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating. It is the more interesting, inasmuch as it was written in prison, where the freedom of the author's opinions had thrown him. He is speaking of his Muse, or Imagination.

"Her divine skill taught me this;
That from everything I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
From the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut, when Titan goes to bed;

> Or a shady bush or tree;
> She could more infuse in me,
> Than all Nature's beauties can
> In some other wiser man."

Mr. Wordsworth undertakes to patronise the *Celandine*, because nobody else will notice it; which is a good reason. But though he tells us, in a startling piece of information, that

> " Poets, vain men in their mood,
> Travel with the multitude,"

yet he falls in with his old brethren of England and Normandy, and becomes loyal to the daisy.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy "an unassuming commonplace of Nature," which it is; and he praises it very becomingly for discharging its duties so cheerfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a "homely face." Not that we should care if it had; for homeliness does not make ugliness; but we appeal to everybody, whether it is proper to say this of *la belle Marguerite.* In the first place, its shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so. Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. Its yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast, that Spenser has chosen the same colours for a picture of Leda reposing:

> " Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!
> That her in daffodillies sleeping laid,
> From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade."

It is for the same reason that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful show in company with the buttercup. But this is not all; for look at the back, and you find its fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green! *Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcup,* we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields.—Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget the showers. You see they have been forgotten just this moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets, barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good wills? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks.

CHAUCER.

CHAUCER (with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton) is one of the Four Great English Poets; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry, for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see everything with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower,—towns, solitudes, human beings,—open doors, showing you the interior of cottages and of palaces,—fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass; and in the midst of all sits the mild poet, alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of everything round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakespeare than either of their two illustrious brethren);

and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure, vague, animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gaiety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as clear and sharp into you as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is childlike; as Shakespeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humour, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty and healthy sense of the material strongly ally him to the painter; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying, that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenechino, the colour and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers! His faults are, coarseness, which was that of his age,—and in some of his poems, tediousness, which is to be attributed to the same cause,—a book being a book in those days, written by few, and when it was written, tempting the author to cram into it everything that he had learned, in default of there being any encyclopædias. That tediousness was no innate fault of the poet's is strikingly manifest, not only from the nature of his genius, but from the fact of his throwing it aside as he grew older and more confident, and spoke in his own person. The "Canterbury Tales," his last and greatest work, is almost entirely free from it, except where he gives us a long prose discourse, after the fashion of the day; and in no respect is his "Palamon and Arcite" more remarkable than in the exquisite judgment with which he has omitted everything superfluous in his prolix original, "The Teseide," —the work of the great and poetical-natured, but not great poet, Boccaccio;—(for Boccaccio's heart and nature were poems; but he could not develop them well in verse).

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious :—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

"When beauteous Mira walks the plain."

He intends this for a commonplace book which he keeps; consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns, some of them

rather gay. His principal other books are Shakespeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England, the Works of Lady W. M. Montague, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, etc., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects, having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers, not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so, the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the

accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it the fish would be sure to be stale and the flesh new. He eats no tart, or, if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced, by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

"Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,"

or

"Come, gentle god of soft repose,"

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

"At Upton on the hill,
There lived a happy pair."

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room: but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my Lord North" or "my Lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord: it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper, which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognisance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so, and resumes.

In the evening our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with

some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters, who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan What's-her-name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxfull in Tavistock Street in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and, indeed, every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the

niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself, which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best, perhaps, the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter-of-an-hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school he often goes to see them, and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast, and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth—"a very sad dog, sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"*She'll* talk."

THE OLD LADY.

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young;

and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantel-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such

as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals; and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Buncle* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love

to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash: and her servant in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, etc., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and

lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

WINDOWS

The other day a butterfly came into our room and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point—relieving your butterfly—he is a creature so delicate. If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away on your fingers something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write "articles" on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Bentham's ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of heaven's creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did now know pain; and perhaps the merrier and happier they are in general, the greater the lumps of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burden of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed: and finally, what business had little Papilio to come into a place unfit for him, and get bothering himself with glass? Oh, faith!—your butterfly must learn experience, as well as your Buonaparte.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing,—wondering

that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects as well as to men), and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! What feathers and colours, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door, for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. "Truly," thought we, "little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who, in thinking to reach at heaven by an impossible way (such at least it seemeth at present), run the hazard of cracking their brains, and spoiling their wings for ever; whereas, if thou and they would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee, lieth open heaven as well as earth; and thou mayest mount high as thou wilt, after thy own happy fashion, thinking less and enjoying all things."

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards,—and forth out into the air sprang he,—first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue ether,—as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have before spoken of the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge; and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to "give it up." These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at court, "it is pretty to observe." Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning,—so substantial and yet so air-like, so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things,—so palpably *something*, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of *nothing!* It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect, which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes,

their stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their recommencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure, for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or

"Years have brought the philosophic mind."

Why should Fly plague himself any longer with household matters which he cannot alter? He has tried hard in his time; and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural livers, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill-used, and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does; and so there is action of some sort: and whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old Musca a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot, and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West India gentleman pondering on his sugar cane and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection.

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two rain-drops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry,

even when they win, compared with observers whose resources need never fail them! To the latter, if they please, the rain-drop itself is a world,—a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion, and reflection, and the elements, and light, and colour, and roundness, and delicacy, and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dew-drops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus, the commonest rain-drop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature's school, thus becomes a book, or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes that compose the various readers of penny and three-half-penny philosophy,—cheap visitor, like the sunbeams, of houses of all sorts. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty (no anti-climax in these analytical days), and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it. (We have just got up from our work to inform ourselves of the nature and properties of the said mystery, putty; and should blush for the confession, if the blush would not imply that a similar ignorance were less common with us than it is.)

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it, with their lights and shades; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses

that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. The other day, in a very humble cottage window in the suburbs, we saw that beautiful plant, the nasturtium, trained over it on several strings; which must have furnished the inmates with a screen as they sate at their work or at their tea inside, and at the same time permitted them to see through into the road, thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Sights like these give a favourable impression of the dispositions and habits of the people within,—show how superior they are to their sophistications, if rich, and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh! the human mind is a fine graceful thing everywhere, if the music of nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has the "schoolmaster" yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced), that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and generally speaking they are all barren. The inmates might see through roses and geraniums, if they would; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs, are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows anywhere which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones, and to the air. For a few pence they might have beautiful colours

and odours, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May; for they who cultivate flowers in their windows (as we have hinted before) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect they do it more so; for you may observe that wherever there is this "fenestral horticulture" (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening), the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But "there is an art in the shutting and opening of windows."—Yes, for the sake of air (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions), and for the sake of excluding, or admitting, what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose, for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant, object; the one, a tree or garden; the other, a gin-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you are rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful landscape for the nuisance, or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose; or if even a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, horizontally, as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and (by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper) at once shut out all the sun that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

"But the *fact* was otherwise;" cries some fastidious personage, more nice than wise; "you knew there was *no forest*, and therefore could not have been deceived."

"Well, my dear sir, but deception is not necessary to everyone's pleasure; and *fact* is not merely what you take it for. The fact of there being no forest might have been the only fact with yourself, and so have prevented the enjoyment; but to a livelier fancy there would have been the fact of the imagination, of the forest (for everything is a fact which *does* anything for us), and there would also have been the fact of having cultivated the imagination, and the fact of our willingness to be pleased, and the fact of the books we have read, and above all, the fact of the positive satisfaction. If a man be pleased, it is in vain you tell him he has no cause to be pleased. The cause is proved by the consequence. Whether the cause be rightly or wrongly cultivated is another matter. The good of it is assumed in the present instance; and it would take more facts than are in the possession of a 'mere matter-of-fact man' to disprove it. Matter of fact and spirit of fact must both be appreciated, in order to do justice to the riches of nature. We are made of mind as well as body,—of imagination as well as senses. The same mysterious faculty which sees what is before the eyes, sees also what is suggested to the memory. Matter of fact is only the more palpable world, around which a thousand spirits of fact are playing, like angels in a picture. Not to see both is to be a poor unattended creature, who walks about in the world conscious of nothing but himself, or at best of what the horse-jockey and the coach-maker has done for him. If his banker fails, he is ruined! Not so those who, in addition to the resources of their industry, have stock in all the *banks* of nature and art (pardon us this pun for the sake of what grows on it), and whose consolations cannot wholly fail them, as long as they have a flower to look upon, and a blood not entirely vitiated."

A window high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be

seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage justly admired for the good-nature as well as loftiness of the wish, thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground-floor, and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. *Malaria* (bad air) in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By-and-by, perhaps, studies and other favourite sitting-rooms will be built accordingly; and more retrospective reverence be shown to the "garrets" that used to be so famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay

> "High in Drury Lane,
> Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,"

was better off there than if he had occupied the ground-floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our three-half-penny meditations, and at the same time give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so poetical, nor low enough for too earthly a prose,—in a little study made healthy by an open window, and partly screened from overlookers by a bit of the shutter, while our look-out presents us with a world of green leaves, and a red cottage top, a gothic tower of a church in the distance, and a glorious apple-tree close at hand, laden with its yellow balls.

> "Studded with apples, a beautiful show."

Some kindness of this sort Fortune has never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear to her rolling globe; and now that the sincerity of our good-will has

become known, none seem inclined to grudge it us, or to dispute the account to which we may turn it, for others as well as ourselves.

PANTOMIMES.

He that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man;" and in this instance he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown, who will sympathise with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses is to want a perception which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes is not to like animal spirits: it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like to see a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathise with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state; Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another; the Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with

his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "everything that was good;" and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen or of bonnets, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change be too hasty. But this view of it is for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon; tipping out his toe like a dancer; then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy; and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon twopence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look in the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow, the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram;—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties

to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between them with a "Hallo, I say;" and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors; while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a great cask of a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or "caracoling" it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera;—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of pantomime, which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the Constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognised in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o'-mimes!* that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes, expressing *Pan*, or

Everything, by means of the *Toe,*—Pan-Toe-Mime. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! Look at them; they are evidently in full career: they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill-humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed); and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their hearts by condemning an entertainment which they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense to do so. Let them know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will) would have given thousands to feel as they do; and he would have known that it redounded to his honour, and not to his disgrace, to own it.

SHAKING HANDS.

AMONG the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some, we observed, grasped everybody's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten) the crush was no less complimentary: the face was as earnest and beaming, the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman, now and then, as coy of his hand as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's in handing her to a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know whether to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till, on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided; but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it

does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practice the other, and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason; but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or mistrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to anybody about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves, but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention we know not, but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians who remained true to his first hopes of mankind. He was impatient at the change in his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency remained warm, and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

COACHES.

According to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of riches, it may be allowed us to say that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach we especially mean a hired one; from the equivocal dignity of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one), is a more decided thing than the chaise; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasureable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort; elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that but little, his body well set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of everything less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors, both carriage and house,

are open;—we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the bystanders; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty; but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting, —too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat; hired coaches, a reasonable number:—but health and good-humour at all events.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it? We like to be driven, instead of drive;— to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is the curricle, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other mode of riding; it is common to all ranks; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with

respect in our childhood, partly for its loftiness, partly for its name, and partly for the show it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which modern driving ever cut was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach, or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort, and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If anything could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postillion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only remind us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back; but he preferred a chariot; and neither was good. Yet see how pleasantly good humour rides over its inconveniences.

"Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, 'Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass;
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew; "Pull down," quoth friend John;
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?"
"By my troth," she replies, "you grow younger, I think:
And pray, sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

"Why now let me die, sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why, things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied;
The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is married.

"And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the churchyard full many a year."

"Well; peace to her ashes! What signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."—PRIOR.

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the *Secretary*, which, as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of

adding. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant.

"While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No Memoirs to compose, and no Post-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull Refugee:
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,—
To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse?
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident *vrow*,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man *dàr* is
So blest as the *Englishen Heer Secretar'* is."

If Prior had been living now he would have found the greatest want of travelling accommodation in a country for whose more serious wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us to an excuse. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of

the wheels. The bottom had come out; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to show the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours, who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postillion whenever he approached a turnpike—"Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike?" The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one—"Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly; and in a minute or two the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

"Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus."—VIRGIL.

"The driver 's borne beyond their swearing,
And the post-chaise is hard of hearing."

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a mail-coach is not so much at one's command as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing that they are to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do anything. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off.

A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave-looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change, even for the worse, might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two, however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face. His new comfort set him dozing; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a nightcap and look very ghastly. The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road—the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens, a rush of cold air announces the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of everything outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about.

The horses' mouths are heard, swilling the water out of tubs. All is still again, and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep anywhere except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent, warm, old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

The stage-coach is a great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking more kindly of one another than if they mingled less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathised with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well met; the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronised, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear with each other; and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions; and if anyone is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great-coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every alehouse; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twigging a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow Street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah, now there, Kitty, can't you be still? Kitty's a devil, sir, for all you would'nt think it." He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-idéal* of appearance is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

"But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?
Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart."

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best educated and most erudite of coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak? That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse?* In short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening? We had once the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, ycleped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say "Yait" to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the hackney-coach we cannot make as short work as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall show presently. In the account of its demerits we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good, poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem, in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

Reader. What, sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

Indicator. Only inasmuch, madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the hackney-coach.—But hold:—upon turning to the manuscript again,

we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a dandy courtier. This makes a great difference. The hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage :—

"Eban, untempted by the Pastry-cooks
(Of Pastry he got store within the Palace),
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies;
His smelling-bottle ready for the alleys;
He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent on board the galleys:
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

'I'll pull the string,' said he, and further said,
'Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose strings of life are all dried up and dead,
Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,
Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

'Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some Lazar-house thou journiest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

'By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding, thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking Tilburies or Phaetons rare,
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare.'

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,
And bade the coachman wheel to such a street;
Who turning much his body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet."

The tact here is so nice of the infirmities which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the merits.

One of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a hackney-coach? Get tired; get old; get young again. Lay down your carriage, or make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up half-an-hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson, in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moving out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lumbering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of commonplaces. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. Hogarth has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the rocks and trees. A friend tells us that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy, however, to fancy the irritable aspect above mentioned. A hackney-

coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of movables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a stand, are an emblem of all patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can anything better illustrate the poet's line about

"—Years that bring the philosophic mind,"

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature as the bit to its mouth. Once in half-an-hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within them which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company. But they are not. An old horse misses his companion, like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say anything. It is talk, and memory, and everything. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull

so feebly? or for the rarer grain which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?), it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest faculty he has; for the commonest hack has probably been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had his very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

"His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, lo! thus my strength is tried,
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;

So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

'Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong;
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness? The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has written their living epitaph:—

"The poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless."
—*K. Henry V.*, *Act* 1.

There is a song called the "High-mettled Racer," describing the progress of a favourite horse's life, from its time of vigour and glory, down to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as good as Shakespeare; but it will do to those who are half as kind as he. We defy anybody to read that song, or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go in a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observation about taking care of one's old horse did more for that class of retired servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philosophy which first sets people thinking; and then some of

them put it in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump; and in this respect the author of the "High-mettled Racer" (Mr. Dibdin we believe, no mean man in his way) may stand by the side of the old illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakespeare in England. Shakespeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to show him as the "best good Christian though he knows it not." We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But, at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakespeare's assistance the time has arrived when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature, and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakespeare said for the Israelite, "Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of anything. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness

that is effeminate. Anything is effeminate which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another. How does the case stand then between those who ill-treat their horses and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their strength and beauty, converted into what they may both become, a hackney, and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet, and think how many light and proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of everything in the world of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once, the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world. For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window and says, "Whereabouts, sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling as well as willing hearts; hearts that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee the destitute have been taken to the poorhouse, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee he has hastened to

condole the dying or the wretched. In thee the father, or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, the human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight. Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses; but it must be owned, that of all the driving species he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility; and partly to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disagreeable in himself, but, like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant, laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, whom, if she were a man, she says,

she would expose. Being a woman, then, let her not expose herself. Oh, but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady, then, get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or, above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of the hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips were made to grow pale about two-and-sixpence; or that the expression of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's if she goes on?

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach, which makes him very savage. The cry of "Cut behind!" from the malicious urchins on the pavement wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind overloading his master's horses for another sixpence, but to do it for nothing is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet weather so much as people suppose; for he says it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine, which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance when you dispute half the overcharge, and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle; or tells you, you may take his number or sit in the coach all night.

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated harlequin Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend in his black robes; after him comes another personage, equally black and dignified; then another; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth; then a ninth; all with decent intervals; the coach, in the meantime, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many dæmons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The devil! the devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter, and we were out on a holiday, thinking, perhaps, of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers accustomed themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

"Busy, as *seemed*, about some wicked gin,"

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance, thought we! What extraordinary and noble content! What more than Roman simplicity! Here are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst with modicums of cold water! O true virtue and courage! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases! We know not how long we remained in this error; but the first time we recognised the white devil for what it was—the first time we saw through the crystal purity of its appearance—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character—his being at the mercy of all chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain; he only must go anywhere, at what hour and to whatever place you choose, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

POETICAL ANOMALIES OF SHAPE.

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape, unlike anything in nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes as in ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as Ovid has shown us, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a human love story; and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel,

though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. Its wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it. Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child; and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed, like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror! If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off, like those of a gigantic bird, comprising also grace and splendour, as well as the power of flight, we can easily fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again, on the other hand, the flying women, described in the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered. We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the graundee, its light whalebone-like intersections, and its power of dropping about her like drapery. It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind and sensitive; and can sympathise with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridals we ever read.

To imagine anything like a sympathy of this kind, it is of course necessary that the difference of form should consist in addition, and not in alteration. But the un-angel-like texture of the flying apparatus of fair Youwarkee (such, if we remember, is her name) helps to show us the main reason why we are able to receive pleasure from the histories of creatures only half-human. The habit of reading prevents the first shock; but we are reconciled in proportion to their possession of what we are pleased to call human qualities. Kindness is the great elevator. The Centaurs may have killed all the Lapithæ, and shown

considerable generalship to boot, without reconciling us to the brute part of them; but the brutality melts away before the story of their two lovers in Ovid. Drunkenness and rapine made beasts of them;—sentiment makes human beings. Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures. But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time preventing them from being answered; and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever showed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets, therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride. And they may blunt the point of some fancies that are apt to come upon melancholy minds. When Sir Thomas Browne, in the infinite range of his metaphysical optics, turned his glass, as he no doubt often did, towards the inhabitants of other worlds, the stories of angels and Centaurs would help his imaginative good-nature to a more willing conception of creatures in other planets unlike those on earth; to other "lords of creation;" and other, and perhaps nobler humanities, noble in spirit, though differing in form. If indeed there can be anything in the starry endlessness of existence nobler than what we can conceive of love and generosity.

THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

In the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found, however, a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild-figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat, wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor

scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noonday silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of the window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted, however, with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange, hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, sir," said he, to the Captain; —"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of——Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicklier than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it;—let us all stay." The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo." The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the meantime was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one

respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up courage beyond those who found their will more powerful: and in the midst of his terror he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought, however, had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively; and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature, and, corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier;—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes,

dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stept back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck franticly on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil? I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. "Thou knowest not," said she, "what I know. Diana both was and never was; and there are many other things on earth which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty, and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round the tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayest devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said, in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! O sea! O earth! O heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence; and human confidence in good from within never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream, or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a

violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony he felt a small mouth fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man. But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for alas! they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier, who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer

worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, "No, indeed, sir;" and she looked in Gualtier's face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, "No, indeed: —I worship thee and thy kind heart."

BREAKFAST IN SUMMER.

Breakfast in Summer!" cries a reader, in some narrow street in a city: "that means, I suppose, a breakfast out of doors, among trees; or, at least, in some fine breakfast-room, looking upon a lawn, or into a conservatory. I have no such breakfast-room; the article is not written for me. However, let us see what it says;—let us see whether, according to our friend's receipt,

> 'One can hold
> A silver-fork, and breast of pheasant on't,
> By thinking of sheer tea, and bread and butter.'

Nay let us do him justice too. Fancy is a good thing, though pheasant may be better. Come, let us see what he says;—let us look at his Barmecide breakfast;—at all the good things I am to eat and drink without tasting them."

Editor. Reader, thou art one of the right sort. Thy fancy is large, though thy street be narrow. In one thing only do we find thee deficient. Thy faith is not perfect.

Reader. How? Am I not prepared to enjoy what I cannot have? And do I not know the Barmecide? Am I not a reader of the Arabian Nights—a willing visitor of that facetious personage who set the imaginary feast before the poor, hungry devil Shacabac, and made him drunk with invisible wine, till, in the retributive intoxication of the humour, mine host got his ears boxed?

Editor. Hallo—what is that you are saying?—Oh, you "intend nothing personal." Well, it is luckily added; for,

look you—we should otherwise have "heaped coals of fire on your head." The want of faith we complain of is not the want of faith in books and fancies, but in us and our intentions towards thyself; for how camest thou to suppose that we intended omitting thy breakfast—thy unsophisticated cup of bohea, and most respectable bread and butter? Why, it is of and to such breakfasts that we write most. The others, unless their refinement be of the true, universal sort, might fancy they could do without us; whereas those that really can do so, are not unwilling to give us reception, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else. To enjoy is to reciprocate. We have the honour (in this our paper person) of appearing at some of the most refined breakfast-tables in the kingdom, some of these being at the same time the richest, and some the poorest, that epicure could seek or eschew; that is to say, unintellectual epicure; and when such a man is found at either, we venture to affirm that he misses the best things to be found near him. It does not become us to name names; but we may illustrate the matter by saying, that, had it been written forty years back, we have good reason to think that the intentions of this our set of essays would have procured it no contemptuous welcome at the breakfast-table of Fox with his lords about him, or Burns with his "bonny Jeanie" at his side. Porcelain, or potter's clay, silver or pewter, potted meats, oatmeal, or bacon, are all one to us, provided there is a good appetite, *and a desire to make the best of what is before us.* Without that, who would breakfast with the richest of fools? And with it, who that knows the relish of wit and good-humour would not sit down to the humblest fare with inspired poverty?

Now *the art of making the best of what is before us* (not in forgetfulness of social advancement, but in encouragement of it, and in aid of the requisite activity or patience, as the case may require) is one of the main objects of this publication; and as the commoner breakfast seems to require it most, it is to such tables the present paper is chiefly addressed,—always supposing that the breakfaster is

of an intelligent sort; and not without a hope of suggesting a pleasant fancy or so to the richest tables that may want it. And there are too many such!—perhaps because the table has too many "good things" on it already,—too much potted gout, and twelve-shilling irritability.

Few people, rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of the means for future enjoyment, they are too apt to lose sight of the capability of them for present. Above all, they overlook the thousand helps to enjoyment which lie round about them, free to everybody, and obtainable by the very willingness to be pleased, assisted by that fancy and imagination which nature has bestowed, more or less, upon all human beings. Some miscalled Utilitarians, incapable of their own master's doctrine, may affect to undervalue fancy and imagination, as though they were not constituent properties of the human mind, and as if they themselves, the mistakers, did not enjoy even what they do by their very assistance! Why, they have fancies for this or that tea-cup, this or that coat, this or that pretty face! They get handsome wives, when they can, as well as other people, and when plain ones would be quite as "useful!" How is that? They pretend to admire the *green* fields, the *blue* sky, and would be ashamed to be insensible to the merits of the flowers. How can they take upon them to say where the precise line should be drawn, and at what point it is we are to cease turning these perceptions of pleasure and elegance to account?

The first requisite towards enjoying a breakfast, or anything else, is the willingness to be pleased; and the greatest proof and security of this willingness is the willingness to please others. "Better" (says a venerable text) "is a dinner of herbs, where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." Many a breakfast, that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness by unwilling, discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some persons present, who would give and receive happiness if at any other table. Now, breakfast is a foretaste of the

whole day. Spoil that, and we probably spoil all. Begin it well, and if we are not very silly, or ill-taught persons indeed, and at the mercy of every petty impulse of anger and offence, we in all probability make the rest of the day worthy of it. These petty impulses are apt to produce great miseries. And the most provoking part of the business is, that for want of better teaching, or of a little forethought, or imagination, they are sometimes indulged in by people of good hearts, who would be ready to tear their hair for anguish, if they saw you wounded or in a fit, and yet will make your days a heap of wretchedness, by the eternal repetition of these absurdities.

It being premised, then, that persons must come to breakfast without faces sour enough to turn the milk (and we begin to think that our cautions on this head are unnecessary to such readers as are likely to patronise us), we have to inform the most unpretending breakfaster—the man the least capable of potted meats, partridges, or preserves,—that in the commonest tea-equipage and fare which is set upon his board, he possesses a treasure of pleasant thoughts; and that if he can command but the addition of a flower, or a green bough, or a book, he may add to them a visible grace and luxury, such as the richest wits in the nation would respect.

"True taste," says one of these very persons (Mr. Rogers, in his notes to a poem), "is an excellent economist. She delights in producing great effects by small means." This maxim holds good, we see, even amidst the costliest elegancies; how much more is it precious to those whose means are of necessity small, while their hearts are large? Suppose the reader is forced to be an economist, and to have nothing on his breakfast-table but plain tea and bread and butter. Well; he is not forced also to be sordid, or wretched, or without fancy, love, or intelligence. Neither are his tea-cups forced to be ill-shaped, nor his bread and butter ill-cut, nor his table-cloth dirty; and shapeliness and cleanliness are in themselves elegancies, and of no mean order. The spirit of all other elegance is in them,—that of

selectness,—of the superiority to what is unfit and superfluous. Besides, a breakfast of this kind is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. It may be called the staple breakfast of England; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it, would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meats of a huntsman. Delicate appetites may reasonably be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order; and nothing is to be said against the innocencies of honeys and marmalades. But strong meats of a morning are only for those who take strong exercise, or who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the undermining predigestion of pill-taking.

If the man of taste is able to choose his mode of breakfasting in summer time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room, looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him, and the air shall breathe freshly into his room, the sun shall colour the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their chequering shadows upon the table; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things does not possess one of them,—at least can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of everything but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part of the city. What does he do? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will show itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown, to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can; and every

fresh information will paint some commonplace article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shapeability; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary tea-cup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books, and plants, and colours, and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind), he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room to set his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose), he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it; or if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will contrive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon commonplaces. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we choose to hear it, or leave us alone, and give us comfort unheard. It is now summer time, however, and we had better reserve our talk of fires for cold weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants than to dilate upon luxuries recognised by all.

Suppose, then, that neither a fire, the great friend in-doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out-of-doors, be found with

us in our breakfast-room,—that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way,—what ornament is there,—what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap,—that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers.—Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay, if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and butter-cups from your last field walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions, —and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please; never changing with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery,—with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, —proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us; some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as

to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament,—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often—nay, always—beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty; and, indeed,

> "Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none."

(There is a verse for the reader, and not a bad one, considering its truth.) We often have vines (such as they are, —better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses,—or clematis, or jessamine,—perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast-table. It would show that the cheap elegancies of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shadow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in-doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, mute-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a substitute for the want of flowers,—those of the common elm, or the plane, or the rough oak (especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels), or the lime, which is tasseled in a more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in-doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissored forth by some fairy hand, or by its own invisible quaint spirit, as if conscious

of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-trees, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, in default of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have anything so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of anything rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we could not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to show us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be "trifling?" Oh, let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself—nay, heaven itself; for heaven made these harmless elegancies, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent. To trifle is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lilies of the valley, and the gentle dew-drops that keep them fair.

To return, then, to our flowers and our breakfast-table,—were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one, too,—not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walls,—a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow, and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like

nature is the magic of a book,—a casket, from which you may draw out, at will, bowers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edgeways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, perhaps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith

"——Betwixt two aged oaks
On herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

in a place which they call "Allegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope," and instantly a beauty in a "negligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies tickling the air round about us, and comparing colours with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomacher. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us, with a pressure on the hand and soft, low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country, and lo! we breakfast down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon creams and honey-combs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance on his mountain-top, poor, overgrown Polyphemus, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits overshadowing half of the vineyards below him; and with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

TEA-DRINKING.

THE very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive, somehow or other, of something inexpressibly minute and satisfied with a little (*tee !*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China*-ware and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilisation long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and, if numbers and the customs of "venerable ancestors" are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but, as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known), impress us irresistibly with a fancy that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, overweening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree, made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocers' windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which everything seems as little as their eyes, little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them than one

had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the China-ware; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilised as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown, and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that, instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthenware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery! We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards" were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more in-door, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom,—the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking: a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles, during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy-and-water by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of

supper, he took to tea-drinking; and it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement in the quantity he allowed himself; but it left his mind free to exercise its powers;—it "kept," as Waller beautifully says of it,

"The palace of the soul serene;"

not, to be sure, the quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, be it said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as "his cups"). The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

"And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

But hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others, shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a tea-cup, for example. "Well, what is a tea-cup!" a simpleton might cry;—"it holds my tea—that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain; we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of

eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation, with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Ariosto and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese; and then collaterally come in the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

"—Story of Cambuscan bold,"

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius, whom Voltaire (to show his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tsee (reminding us of Congo tea); and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again and the tea-drinkings of old times; and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us, with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, with the passions existing in those times for china-ware, and Horace Walpole, who was an old woman in that respect; and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon anybody who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who, for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large, though, at breakfast), round, smooth, and coloured;—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds, and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf;—

But hold—there's a fly in.

Now, why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool?

Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shows that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking. He is on the dry, clean cloth. Is he dead? No:—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it:—see, he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half-an-hour, to get through a pane of glass). However, his sigh is as much mixed with joy as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him; a similar case would have been worse for one of us with our fleshy bodies;—for see! after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs; he smoothes himself, like a cat, first one side, then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy), he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suctions of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh, or look placid and content,—

humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

THIS is an article for the reader to think of when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes; for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in

company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes, however, excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "t' other doze,"—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well; much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying "Just so" to the bark of a dog; or "Yes, madam," to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking

hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer-time, out in a field. There is, perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one which a tired person takes before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy lounger will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he

may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago, in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto I. st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

"He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred,

And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the soune
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the wallèd towne,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimyes."

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

"This messenger tooke leave, and went
Upon his way; and never he stent
Till he came to the dark valley,
That stant betweene rockes twey.
There never yet grew corne, ne gras.
Ne tree, ne nought that aught was.
Beast, ne man, ne naught else;
Save that there were a few wells
Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
That made a deadly sleeping soune,
And runnen downe right by a cave,
That was under a rocky grave,
Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
There these goddis lay asleepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
That was the god of Sleepis heire,
That slept and did none other worke."

Where the credentials of this new son and heir, Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir-presumptive, in sleeping and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon

sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music:—

> "Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
> Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
> On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
> In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
> Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
> And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
> Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
> Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
> Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
> And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride."

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

COLOUR.

In this beloved, beautiful, but sometimes foggy, and too often not very brilliant country of ours, we are not fond enough of *colours*,—not fond enough of a beauty of which Nature

herself is evidently *very fond*, and with which, like all the rest of her beauties, it is the business of civilised man to adorn and improve his own well-being. The summer season is a good time for becoming acquainted with them, for it is then we see them best, and may acquire a relish for them against the insipidity of winter. We remember a dyer in Genoa who used to hang out his silks upon a high wall opposite his shop, where they shone with such lustre under the blue sky (we particularly remember some yellow ones) that it was a treat to pass that way. You hailed them at a distance, like

> "another sun
> Risen at noonday;"

or as if Nature herself had been making some draperies out of butter-cups, and had just presented the world with the phenomenon. It is the blue sky and clear air of their native land which have made the Italian painters so famous for colouring; and Rubens and Watteau, like wise men, saw the good of transferring the beauty to the less fortunate climate of Flanders. One of the first things that attracted our notice in Italy was a red cap on the head of a boatman. In England, where nobody else wears such a cap, we should have thought of a butcher; in Italy the sky set it off to such advantage, that it reminded us of a scarlet bud.

The Puritans, who did us a great deal of good, helped to do this harm for us. They degraded material beauty and gladness, as if essentially hostile to what was spiritually estimable; whereas the desirable thing is to show the compatibility of both, and vindicate the hues of the creation. Thus, the finest colours in men's dresses have at last almost come to be confined to livery servants and soldiers. A soldier's wife, or a market-woman, is the only female that ventures to wear a scarlet cloak; and we have a favourite epithet of vituperation, *gaudy*, which we bestow upon all colours that do not suit our melancholy. It is sheer want of heart and animal spirits. We were not always so. Puritanism, and wars, and debts, and the Dutch succession, and false ideas of utility, have all conspired to take gladness

out of our eyesight, as well as jollity out of our pockets. We shall recover a better taste, and, we trust, exhibit it to better advantage than before; but we must begin by having faith in as many good things as possible, and not think ill of any one of heaven's means of making us cheerful, because in itself it is cheerful. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakespeare, "may God prohibit it." So the more obviously cheerful and desirable anything is, the more we seem to beg the question in its disfavour. Reds, and yellows, and bright blues are "gaudy;" we must have nothing but browns, and blacks, and drab-colour or stone. Earth is not of this opinion; nor the heavens either. Gardens do not think so; nor the fields, nor the skies, nor the mountains, nor dawn, nor sunset, nor light itself, which is made of colours and holds them always ready in its crystal quiver, to shoot forth and divide into loveliness. The beautiful attracts the beautiful. Colours find homes of colour. To red go the red rays, and to purple the purple. The rainbow reads its beauteous lecture in the clouds, showing the sweet division of the hues; and the mechanical "philosopher," as he calls himself, smiles with an air of superiority, and thinks he knows all about it, because the division is made.

The little child, like the real philosopher, *knows more*, for his "heart leaps up," and he acknowledges a glad mystery. He feels the immensity of what he does *not* know; and though the purely mechanical-minded man admits that such immensity exists with regard to himself, he does not feel it as the child or the wiser man does, and therefore he does not truly perceive,—does not thoroughly take it into his consciousness. He talks and acts as if he had come to the extent of his knowledge—and he has so. But beyond the dry line of knowledge lies beauty, and all which is beautiful in hope and exalting in imagination.

We feel as if there were a moral as well as material beauty in colour,—an inherent gladness,—an intention on the part of Nature to share with us a pleasure felt by herself. Colours are the smiles of Nature. When they are

extremely smiling, and break forth into other beauty besides, they are her laughs; as in the flowers. The "laughing flowers," says the poet; and it is the business of the poet to feel truths beyond the proof of the mechanician. Nature, at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of colour, *for she has made nothing without it.* Her skies are blue; her fields green; her waters vary with her skies; her animals, minerals, vegetables, are all coloured. She paints a great many of them in apparently superfluous hues, as if to show the dullest eye how she loves colour. The pride of the peacock, or some stately exhibition of a quality very like pride, is a singular matter of fact, evidently connected with it. Youthful beauty in the human being is partly made up of it. One of the three great arts with which Providence has adorned and humanised the mind,—Painting,—is founded upon the love and imitation of it. And the magnificence of empire can find nothing more precious, either to possess, or be proud of wearing, than

"Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity."

THE WAITER.

Going into the City the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yclept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our readers, perhaps, will favour us with a better. He is a character

before the public: thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called —the representative of the whole, real, official race—and not of the humorist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it—moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting—not absorbed—not devout towards us—not silent or monosyllabical;—fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and get spoiled in club-rooms and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet he is not narrow-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the "drunken gentleman." But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the two latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—"Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six-and-twopence"—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you

call for. His "Yes, sir," is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, sir." If you told him that, in Shakespeare's time, waiters said "Anon, anon, sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy, in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

"Thomas!"

"Yezzir."

"Is my steak coming?"

"Yezzir."

"And the pint of port?"

"Yezzir."

"You'll not forget the postman?"

"Yezzir."

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says "Yes, sir," for "No, sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes

to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not, however, that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lower limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries, however, a napkin under his arm, as well as a cork-screw in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "*will* be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them a mourning ring left him by his late master, the other a present either from his nieces' father, or from some ultra-good-natured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner—huddled apart—"Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal

Once a-year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs—"Good God! It's the waiter at the Grogram!"

OF STICKS.

Among other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity, such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons *sticks*. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those useful and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry stick, which is one of the favourite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress's lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very

stick? for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferule poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tip-staff of a constable in Bow Street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall Market with a piece of candle in his hat, and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger, to the wands of parishes and governors,—the tasselled staff wherewith the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; to the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crosier (Pedum Episcopale), whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the people (Ποιμένες Λαῶν), were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a

luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shilelah, which a friend has well-defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these that are not extant in our own country may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilised. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shilelahs over their shoulders—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilised as well as uncivilised nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a nonplus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepit age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors

carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate! just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling; for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Scotland or Northumberland was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and Puritans, who appear to have carried staves because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father (worthy of such a son), and which, as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily, "Ho-hoy for heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the *Tatler*; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence the piece, with a twist

of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained, among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the "Rape of the Lock" is

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute; for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither.* Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had a "caning:" which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by a something which a bully might think it safe to presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir, I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation

in life;—and I am compelled with great reluctance, to add" (here he became still softer and more delicate), "that, if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of——caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and, to the delight of the by-standers, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson. The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of its merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little treeless island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it: but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving are the smooth

amber-coloured canes in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen, in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leather tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound, as might be expected from our intercourse with India; but commerce in this, as in other respects, has overshot its mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a sufficing little manual, equally light and lissom, yclept an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks, however, are not to be despised by the leisurely, anyone who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads: first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends; but restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again, with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferule, if in a street; or decapitates

the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a straight-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod, with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoes it against his teeth or under-lip, which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces elegance in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say, "Ah! you rogue!" which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronising wit who can dispense with the necessity of joking.

At the same time, to give it its due zest in life, a stick has its inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement is not pleasant, especially if it snap the ferule off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferule on a country road renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush, which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to

borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve-and-sixpence.

ANACREON.

It has been said of ladies when they write letters, that they put their minds in their postscripts—let out the real object of their writing, as if it were a second thought, or a thing comparatively indifferent. You very often know the amount of a man's knowledge of an author by the remark he makes on him, *after* he has made the one which he thinks proper and *authorised*. As, for example, you will mention Anacreon to your friend A. in a tone which implies that you wish to know his opinion of him, and he shall say—

"Delightful poet, Anacreon—breathes the very spirit of love and wine. *His Greek is very easy.*"

All the real opinion of this gentleman respecting Anacreon lies in what he says in these last words. His Greek is easy; that is, our scholar has had less trouble in learning to read him than with other Greek poets. This is all he really thinks or feels about the "delightful Anacreon."

So with B. You imply a question to B. in the same tone, and he answers, "Anacreon! Oh! a most delightful poet, Anacreon—charming—all love and wine.—*The best edition of him is Spaletti's.*"

This is all that B. knows of Anacreon's "love and wine." "The best edition of it is Spaletti's;" that is to say, Spaletti is the Anacreon wine-merchant most in repute.

So again with C. as to his knowledge of the translations of the "delightful poet."

"Translations of Anacreon! Delightful poet—too delightful, too natural and peculiar, to be translated—simplicity—naïveté—Fawkes's translation is elegant—Moore's very elegant but diffuse.—Nobody can translate Anacreon. Impossible to give any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek."

This gentleman has never read Cowley's translations from Anacreon; and if he had, he would not have known which part of them was truly Anacreontic and which not. He makes up his mind that it is impossible to give "any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek;" meaning, by that assertion, that he himself cannot, and therefore nobody else can. His sole idea of Anacreon is, that he is a writer famous for certain beauties which it is impossible to translate. As to supposing that the spirit of Anacreon may occasionally be met with in poets who have not translated him, and that you may thus get an idea of him without recurring to the Greek at all, this is what never entered his head: for Nature has nothing to do with his head; it is only books and translations. Love, nature, myrtles, roses, wine have existed ever since the days of Anacreon; yet he thinks nobody ever chanced to look at these things with the same eyes.

Thus, there is one class of scholars who have no idea of Anacreon except that he is easy to read; another, who confine their notions of him to a particular edition; and a third, who look upon him as consisting in a certain elegant impossibility to translate. There are more absurdities of pretended scholarship on this and all other writers, which the truly learned laugh at, and know to be no scholarship at all. Our present business is to attempt to give some idea of what *they* think and feel with regard to Anacreon, and what all intelligent men would think and feel if they understood Greek terms for natural impressions. To be unaffectedly charmed with the lovelieness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason

to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that, agreeably to a genius which was great enough, and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with a grape-stone—a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of Ionia (part of the modern Turkey), at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age, and have no essential or inseparable connection with his poetry. We are therefore glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in these pages as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion, and we choose to omit not even grapes in it, any more than nature has omitted them.

Imagine, then, a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has perhaps brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of

milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted everything that a poet says on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics, who tell us that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and secondly, it does not follow that because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure professed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are fox-hunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should; unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is *not* in earnest,—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon (otherwise he could not have painted them truly), and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, everything that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds), but with the most elegant of material perceptions,—of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects,—and with an admirable exemption from whatsoever does not belong to them,

—from all false taste and the mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he had all the sentiment which good-nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can, but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it, half the day long, for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age; but when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down, and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do, if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. But besides his impulses, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable above all others in the world for being "short and sweet." They are the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one who adds the indolence of old age to the niceties of natural taste: and therefore, as people boast, on other occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade, a spade," so when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *there it is;* as true and as free from everything foreign to it *as the thing itself.*

Look at a myrtle-tree or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, and

think how exquisitely the myrtle tree *is what it is*, and how beautifully unlike everything else,—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

BRICKLAYERS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

It is a very hot day and a "dusty day;" you are passing through a street in which there is no shade,—a new street, only half-built and half-paved—the areas unfinished as you advance (it is to be hoped no drunken man will stray there) —the floors of the houses only raftered (you can't go in and sit down)—broken glass, at the turnings, on the bits of garden wall—the time, noon—the month, August—the whole place glaring with the sun, and coloured with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life you are longing for soda-water, or for the sound of a pump, when suddenly you

"Hear a trowel tick against a brick,"

and down a ladder by your side, which bends at every step, comes dancing, with hod on shoulder, a bricklayer, who looks as dry as his vocation,—his eyes winking, his mouth gaping; his beard grim with a week's growth, the rest of his hair like a badger's. You then, for the first time, see a little water by the wayside, thick and white with chalk; and are doubting whether to admire it as a liquid or detest it for its colour, when a quantity of lime is dashed against the sieve, and you receive in your eyes and mouth a taste of the dry and burning elements of mortar, without the refreshment of the wet. Finally, your shoe is burned; and as the bricklayer says something to his fellow in Irish, who laughs, you fancy that he is witty at your expense, and has made some ingenious bull.

"A pretty picture, Mr. Seer! and very refreshing, this hot weather!"

Oh, but you are only a chance-acquaintance of us, my dear sir; you don't know what philosophies we writers and readers of "The Seer" possess, which renders us "lords of ourselves," unencumbered even with the mighty misery of a hot day, and the hod on another man's shoulder. You, unfortunate, easy man, have been thinking of nothing but the "aggravations" of the street all this while, and are ready to enter your house after the walk, in a temper to kick off your shoes into the servant's face. *We*, besides being in the street, have been in all sorts of pleasant and remote places; have been at Babylon; have been at Bagdad; have bathed in the river Tigris, the river of that city of the "Arabian Nights;" nay, have been in Paradise itself! led by old Bochart and his undeniable maps, where you see the place as "graphically set forth" as though it had never vanished, and Adam and Eve walking in it, taller than the trees. We are writing upon the very book this moment instead of a desk, a fond custom of ours; though, for dignity's sake, we beg to say we *have* a desk; but we like an old folio to write upon, written by some happy, believing hand, no matter whether we go all lengths or not with *his* sort of proof, provided he be in earnest and a good fellow.

Let us indulge ourselves a moment, during this hot subject, with the map in question. It is now before us, the river Euphrates running up through it in dark fulness, and appearing through the paper on which we are writing like rich veins. Occasionally we take up the paper to see it better; the garden of Eden, however, always remaining visible below, and the mountains of Armenia at top. The map is a small folio size, darkly printed, with thick letters; a good stout sprinkle of mountains; a great tower to mark the site of Babylon; trees, as formal as a park in those days, to shadow forth the terrestrial paradise, with Adam and Eve, as before mentioned; Greek and Hebrew names here and there mingled with the Latin; a lion, towards the

north-west, sitting in Armenia, and bigger than a mountain; some other beast, "stepping west" from the Caspian sea; and a great tablet in the south-west corner, presenting the title of the map, the site of Eden, or the Terrestrial Paradise (Edenis, seu Paradisi Terrestris Situs), surmounted with a tree, and formidable with the Serpent; who, suddenly appearing from one side of it with the apple in his mouth, is startling a traveller on the other. These old maps are as good to study as pictures and books: and the region before us is specially rich—reverend with memories of scripture, pompous with Alexander's cities, and delightful with the "Arabian Nights." You go up from the Persian Gulf at the foot, passing (like Sinbad) the city of Caiphat, where "bdellium" is to be had, and the island of Bahrim, famous for its pearl fishery (Bahrim Insula Margaritarum Piscat. celebris); then penetrate the garden of Eden, with the river Euphrates, as straight as a canal; pass the Cypress-grove, which furnished the wood of which the ark was made; Mousal, one of our old friends in the "Arabian Nights;" Babylon, famous for a hundred fanes, the sublime of *brick-building;* בחרקצא the "Naarda of Ptolemy," a "celebrated school of the Jews;" Ur (of the Chaldees), the country of Abraham; Noah's city, Χωμη Θαμανων, the city of Eight, so called from the eight persons that came out of the ark; Omar's Island, where there is a mosque (says the map) made out of the relics of the ark; Mount Ararat, on the top of which it rested; and thence you pass the springs of the Tigris and the Euphrates into Colchis with its Golden Fleece, leaving the Caspian sea on one side and the Euxine on the other, with Phasis, the country of pheasants, and Cappadocia, where you see the mild light shining on the early Christian church; and you have come all this way through the famous names of Persia, and Arabia, and Armenia, and Mesopotamia, and Syria, and Assyria, with Arbela on the right hand, where Darius was overthrown, and Damascus on the left, rich, from time immemorial to this day, with almost every Eastern association of ideas, sacred and profane.

In regions of this nature did sincere, book-loving, scholarly Bochart spend the *days of his mind*,—by far the greater portion of the actual days of such a man's life; and for that reason we, who, though not so scholarly, love books as well as he did, love to have the folio of such a man under our paper for a desk,—making his venerable mixture of truth and fiction a foundation, as it were, for our own love of both, and rendering the dream of his existence, in some measure, as tangible to us as it was to himself, in the shape of one of his works of love. Do people now-a-days,—do even we ourselves,—love books as they did in those times? It is hardly possible, seeing how the volumes have multiplied to distract choice and passion, and also how small in size they have become,—octavos and duodecimos. A little book is indeed "a love" (to use a modern phrase),—and fitted to carry about with us in our walks and pockets: but then a great book,—a folio,—was a thing to look up to,—to build,—a new and lawful Babel,—and therefore it had an aspect more like a religion.—Well; love is religion too, and of the best; and so we will return to our common task.

Now observe, O casual reader of "The Seer," what such of us as are habituated to it found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9 Golf Street, Little Meadows; and to become a brick-bat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O thou of little bookstall! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity—with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinaar;—there is a clatter of brick-making in the fields of Accad; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate, therefore, or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street; for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens; and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read, as men try to read at this day, the arrow-headed letters on the bricks,—as easy

to us at that time as A B C; though what they mean now, neither we nor Mr. Rich can tell. The said brick, as our readers have seen, thence took us into paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotomia and the Arabian Nights, with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan; and returning home, what do we descry? The street itself alone! No! Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of brick-layers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery Lane, and the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London, and Spenser's celebration of—

> "Those *bricky* towers
> The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres;"

to wit, the Temple; and then we think of our old and picture-learned friend, our lamented Hazlitt, who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast—to which we can bear instant and curious testimony; for passing the other day through the gate that leads from St. James's Park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colours in a tree to the right of us, at the corner; which colours, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees. We smiled at the mistake; but it was with pleasure; for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy and commonplace may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

HAVING met in the *Harleian Miscellany* with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Vall, who flourished in the time of Charles the Second, and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks, which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse may emphatically be said to steal trash; but he that filches from him his good things——Alas! we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead into his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Vall; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—Semihominis Caci facies dira. (Æneid, b. viii. v. 194.) He was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting King Evander's highway like the Apollyon of "Pilgrim's Progress."

> "Semperque recenti
> Cæde tepebat humus; foribusque adfixa superbis
> Ora virûm tristi pendebant pallida tabo."

"The place about was ever in a plash
Of steaming blood; and o'er the insulting door
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore."

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demi-god, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharping tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakespeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*), was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass; which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still farther; for having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady, elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick till he had got off.

Autolycus himself, however, was outwitted by Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Autolycus was in the habit of stealing his neighbours' cattle, and altering the marks upon them. Among others he stole some from Sisyphus; but notwithstanding his usual precautions, he was astonished to find the latter come and pick out his oxen as if nothing had happened. He had marked them under the hoof. Autolycus, it seems, had the usual generosity of genius; and was so pleased with this evidence of superior cunning, that some say he gave him in marriage his daughter Anticlea, who was afterwards the wife of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. According to others, however, he only favoured him with his daughter's company for a time, a fashion not yet extinct in some primitive countries; and it was a reproach made against Ulysses that Laertes was only his pretended, and Sisyphus his real, father. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being compelled to roll a stone up a hill to all

eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients that a man's ghost wandered in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx, as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus on his death-bed purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer, however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return; and so when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his prematurity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars' sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day; and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching away her girdle. He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunderbolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birthday he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humoured god of wit endeavoured to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing when, in the midst of his threatenings, he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance or in the details of the history of cities. The latter have not come down to us from the ancient world, with some exceptions in the comic writers, immaterial to our present purpose, and in the loathsome rhetoric of Petronius. The finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander, in which he said that the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus we will

tell another time. We can call to mind no other thieves in the Greek and Latin writers (always excepting political ones) except some paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner; and the robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in *Gil Blas.* When we come, however, to the times of the Arabians and of chivalry, they abound in all their glory, both great and small. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten Forty Thieves, with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times?—watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree?—sewn up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body?—and said "Open Sesamé" to every door at school? May we ride with them again and again; or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

We pass over those interlopers in our English Family, the Danes; as well as Rollo the Norman, and other free-booters, who only wanted less need of robbery to become respectable conquerors. In fact, they did so, as they got on. We have also no particular worthy to select from among that host of petty chieftains who availed themselves of their knightly castles and privileges to commit all sorts of unchivalrous outrages. These are the giants of modern romance; and the Veglios, Malengins, and Pinabellos, of Pulci, Spenser, and Ariosto. They survived in the petty states of Italy a long while; gradually took a less solitary, though hardly less ferocious shape, among the fierce political partisans recorded by Dante; and at length became represented by the men of desperate fortunes, who make such a figure, between the gloomy and the gallant, in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho.* The breaking up of the late kingdom of Italy, with its dependencies, has again revived them in some degree; but not, we believe, in any shape above common robbery. The regular modern thief

seems to make his appearance for the first time in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way, The way in which he robs Sacripant, king of Circassia, of his horse, has been ridiculed by Cervantes; if indeed he did not rather repeat it with great zest: for his use of the theft is really not such a caricature as in Boiardo and his great follower. While Sancho is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somniculous squire propped upon the saddle with four sticks. His consternation on waking may be guessed. But in the Italian poets the Circassian prince has only fallen into a deep meditation, when Brunello draws away his steed. Ariosto appears to have thought this extravagance a hazardous one, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of repeating it; for he has made Sacripant blush when called upon to testify how the horse was stolen from him. (Orlando Furio, lib. XXVII. st. 84.)

In the Italian Novels and the old French Tales are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact. We will give a specimen as we go, by way of making this article the completer. A doctor of laws in Bologna had become rich enough, by scraping money together, to indulge himself in a grand silver cup, which he sent home one day to his wife from the goldsmith's. There were two sharping fellows prowling about that day for a particular object; and getting scent of the cup, they laid their heads together, to contrive how they might indulge themselves in it instead. One of them accordingly goes to a fishmonger's and buys a fine lamprey, which he takes to the doctor's wife, with her husband's compliments, and he would bring a company of his brother doctors with him to dinner, requesting in the meantime that she would send back the cup by the bearer, as he had forgotten to have his arms engraved upon it. The good lady, happy to obey all

these pleasing impulses on the part of master doctor, takes in the fish, and sends out the cup, with equal satisfaction; and sets about getting the dinner ready. The doctor comes home at his usual hour, and finding his dinner so much better than ordinary, asks, with an air of wonder, where was the necessity of going to that expense: upon which the wife, putting on an air of wonder in her turn, and proud of possessing the new cup, asks him where are all those brother doctors whom he said he should bring with him. "What does the fool mean?" said the testy old gentleman. "Mean!" rejoined the wife—"What does *this* mean?" pointing to the fish. The doctor looked down with his old eyes at the lamprey. "God knows," said he, "what it means. I am sure I don't know what it means more than any other fish, except that I shall have to pay a pretty sum for every mouthful you eat of it."—"Why, it was your own doing, husband," said the wife; "and you will remember it, perhaps, when you recollect that the same man that brought me the fish was to take away the cup to have your name engraved upon it." At this the doctor started back, with his eyes as wide open as the fish's, exclaiming, "And you gave it him, did you?"—"To be sure I did," returned the good housewife. The old doctor here began a passionate speech, which he suddenly broke off; and after stamping up and down the room, and crying out that he was an undone advocate, ran quivering out into the street like one frantic, asking everybody if he had seen a man with a lamprey. The two rogues were walking all this time in the neighbourhood; and seeing the doctor set off in his frantic fit to the goldsmith's, and knowing that he who brought the lamprey had been well disguised, they began to ask one another, in the jollity of their triumph, what need there was for losing a good lamprey, because they had gained a cup. The other, therefore, went to the doctor's house, and putting on a face of good news, told the wife that the cup was found. "Master doctor," said he, "bade me come and tell you that it was but a joke of your old friend What's-his-name."—"Castellani, I

warrant me," said the wife, with a face broad with delight. "The same," returned he;—"Master doctor says that Signor Castellani, and the other gentlemen he spoke of, are waiting for you at the Signor's house, where they purpose to laugh away the choler they so merrily raised, with a good dinner and wine, and to that end they have sent me for the lamprey."—"Take it in God's name," said the good woman; "I am heartily glad to see it go out of the house, and shall follow it myself speedily." So saying, she gave him the fine hot fish, with some sauce, between two dishes; and the knave, who felt already round the corner with glee, slid it under his cloak, and made the best of his way to his companion, who lifted up his hands and eyes at sight of him, and asked twenty questions in a breath, and chuckled, and slapped his thigh, and snapped his fingers for joy, to think what a pair of fools two rogues had to do with. Little did the poor despairing doctor, on his return home, guess what they were saying of him as he passed the wall of the house in which they were feasting. "Heyday!" cried the wife, smiling all abroad, as she saw him entering, "what, art thou come to fetch me then, bone of my bone? Well; if this isn't the gallantest day I have seen many a year! It puts me in mind—it puts me in mind" ——Here the chirping old lady was about to remind the doctor of the days of his youth, holding out her arms and raising her quivering voice, when (we shudder to relate) she received a considerable cuff on the left cheek. "You make me mad," cried the doctor, "with your eternal idiotical nonsense. What do you mean by coming to fetch you, and the gallantest day of your life? May the devil fetch you, and me, and that invisible fiend that stole the cup."—"What!" exclaimed the wife, suddenly changing her tone from a vociferous complaint which she had unthinkingly set up, "did you send nobody then for the lamprey?" Here the doctor cast his eyes upon the bereaved table; and unable to bear the shame of this additional loss, however trivial, began tearing his hair and beard, and hopping about the room, giving his wife a new

and scandalous epithet at every step, as if he was dancing to a catalogue of her imperfections. The story shook all the shoulders in Bologna for a month after.

We will relate another story from the same Italian novelist that supplied our last. This is a digression; but it is as well to introduce it, in order to take away a certain bitterness out of the mouth of the other's moral. Our author is Massuccio of Salerno, a novelist who disputes with Bandello the rank next in popularity to Boccaccio. We have not the original by us, and must be obliged to an English work for the groundwork of our story, as we have been to Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* for the one just related. But we take the liberty usual with the repeaters of these stories; we retain the incidents, but tell them in our own way, and imagine what might happen in the intervals.

Two Neapolitan sharpers, having robbed a Genoese merchant of his purse, make the best of their way to Sienna, where they arrive during the preaching of St. Bernardin. One of them attends a sermon with an air of conspicuous modesty and devotion, and afterwards waits upon the preacher, and addresses him thus: "Reverend father, you see before you a man, poor indeed, but honest. I do not mean to boast; God knows, I have no reason. Who upon earth has reason, unless it be one who will be the last to boast, like yourself, holy father?" Here the saintly orator shook his head. "I do not mean," resumed the stranger, "to speak even of the reverend and illustrious Bernardin, but as of a man among men. For my part, I am, as it were, a creeping thing among them; and yet I am honest. If I have any virtue, it is that. I crawl right onward in my path, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and yet I have my temptations. Reverend father, I have found this purse. I will not deny, that being often in want of the common necessaries of life, and having been obliged last night, in particular, to sit down faint at the city gates, for want of my ordinary crust and onion, which I had given to one (God help him) still worse off than myself, I did cast some looks—I did, I say, just open the

purse, and cast a wistful eye at one of those shining pieces that lay one over the other inside, with something like a wish that I could procure myself a meal with it, unknown to the lawful proprietor. But my conscience, thank Heaven, prevailed. I have to make two requests to you, reverend father. First, that you will absolve me for this my offence; and second, that you will be pleased to mention in one of your discourses, that a poor sinner from Milan, on his road to hear them, has found a purse, and would willingly restore it to the right owner. I would fain give double the contents of it to find him out; but then, what can I do? All the wealth I have consists in my honesty. Be pleased, most illustrious father, to mention this in your discourse, as modestly as becomes my nothingness; and to add especially, that the purse was found on the road from Milan, lying, miraculously as it were, upon a sunny bank, open to the view of all, under an olive-tree, not far from a little fountain, the pleasant noise of which peradventure had invited the owner to sleep." The good father, at hearing this detail, smiled at the anxious sincerity of the poor pilgrim, and, giving him the required absolution, promised to do his utmost to bring forth the proprietor. In his next sermon he accordingly dwelt with such eloquence on the opportunities thrown in the way of the rich who lose purses to behave nobly, that his congregation several times half rose from their seats out of enthusiasm, and longed for some convenient loss of property that might enable them to show their disinterestedness. At the conclusion of it, however, a man stepped forward, and said, that anxious as he was to do justice to the finder of the purse, which he knew to be his the moment he saw it (only he was loth to interrupt the reverend father), he had claims upon him at home, in the person of his wife and thirteen children—fourteen perhaps, he might *now* say—which, to his great sorrow, prevented him from giving the finder more than a quarter of a piece; this, however, he offered him with the less scruple, since he saw the seraphic disposition of the reverend preacher and his congregation,

who, he had no doubt, would make ample amends for this involuntary deficiency on the part of a poor family man, the whole portion of whose wife and children might be said to be wrapped up in that purse. His sleep under the olive-tree had been his last for these six nights (here the other man said, with a tremulous joy of acknowledgment, that it was indeed just six nights since he had found it); and Heaven only knew when he should have had another, if his children's bread, so to speak, had not been found again." With these words, the sharper (for such, of course, he was) presented the quarter of a piece to his companion, who made all but a prostration for it; and hastened with the purse out of the church. The other man's circumstances were then inquired into, and as he was found to have almost as many children as the purse-owner, and no possessions at all, as he said, but his honesty—all his children being equally poor and pious—a considerable subscription was raised for him; so large indeed, that on the appearance of a new claimant next day, the pockets of the good people were found empty. This was no other than the Genoese merchant, who having turned back on his road when he missed his purse, did not stop till he came to Sienna, and heard the news of the day before. Imagine the feelings of the deceived people! Saint Bernardin was convinced that the two cheats were devils in disguise. The resident canon had thought pretty nearly as much all along, but had held his tongue, and now hoped it would be a lesson to people not to listen to everybody who could talk, especially to the neglect of Saint Antonio's monastery. As to the people themselves, they thought variously. Most of them were mortified at having been cheated; and some swore they never would be cheated again, let appearances be what they might. Others thought that this was a resolution somewhat equivocal, and more convenient than happy. For our parts, we think the last were right: and this reminds us of a true English story, more good than striking, which we heard a short while ago from a friend. He knew a man of rugged manners, but good heart (not

that the two things, as a lover of parentheses will say, are at all bound to go together), who had a wife somewhat given to debating with hackney-coachmen, and disputing acts of settlement respecting half-miles and quarter-miles, and abominable additional sixpences. The good housewife was lingering at the door, and exclaiming against one of these monstrous charioteers, whose hoarse, low voice was heard at intervals, full of lying protestations and bad weather, when the husband called out from a back-room, "Never mind there, never mind—let her be cheated; let her be cheated."

We now come to a very unromantic set of rogues; the Spanish ones. In a poetical sense, at least, they are unromantic; though doubtless the mountains of Spain have seen as picturesque vagabonds in their time as any. There are the robbers in *Gil Blas*, who have, at least, a respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Rolando, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, showing with a lighted torch his treasure to the timid stripling, Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurt him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. "God knows," said he, on the present occasion, "I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I shall redeem all." The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master, the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather, had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends, however, followed him; and by the help of his nephew, Martin Antolinez, he proposed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negotiated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who, for a deposit of two chests full of spoil, which they were not to open for a year, on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred

marks. "Well, then," said Martin Antolinez, "ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste; give us the marks." "This is not the way of business," said they; "we must take first, and then give." Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the meantime has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but, though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground. This put them in such spirits, that after telling out the six hundred marks (which Don Martin took without weighing), they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do everything judiciously, and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain.

The regular sharping rogues, however, that abound in Spanish books of adventure, have one species of romance about them of a very peculiar nature. It may be called, we fear, as far as Spain is concerned, a "romance of real life." We allude to the absolute want and hunger which is so often the original of their sin. A vein of this craving nature runs throughout most of the Spanish novels. In other countries theft is generally represented as the result of an abuse of plenty, or of some other kind of profligacy, or absolute ruin. But it seems to be an understood thing, that to be poor in Spain is to be in want of the commonest necessaries of life. If a poor man, here and there, happens not to be in so destitute a state as the rest, he thinks himself bound to maintain the popular character for an appetite, and manifests the most prodigious sense of punctuality and anticipation in all matters relating to meals. Who ever thinks of Sancho, and does not think of ten minutes before luncheon? Don Quixote, on the other hand, counts it ungenteel and undignified to be hungry. The cheat

who flatters Gil Blas reckons himself entitled to be insultingly triumphant, merely because he has got a dinner out of him.

Of all these ingenious children of necessity, whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge as that of the never-to-be-decently-treated Lazarillo de Tormes. If we ourselves had not been at a sort of monastic school, and known the beatitude of dry bread and a draught of spring-water, his history would seem to inform us, for the first time, what hunger was. His cunning so truly keeps pace with it, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One-half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them. Every thought of his mind and every feeling of his affection coalesces and tends to one point with a ventripetal force. It was said of a contriving lady that she took her very tea by stratagem. Lazarillo is not so lucky. It is enough for him if, by a train of the most ingenious contrivances, he can lay successful siege to a crust. To rout some broken victuals, to circumvent an onion or so, extraordinary, is the utmost aim of his ambition. An ox-foot is his *beau ideal.* He has as intense and circuitous a sense of a piece of cheese as a mouse at a trap. He swallows surreptitious crumbs with as much zest as a young servant-girl does a plate of preserves. But to his story. He first serves a blind beggar, with whom he lives miserably, except when he commits thefts, which subject him to miserable beatings. He next lives with a priest, and finds his condition worse. His third era of esuriency takes place in the house of a Spanish gentleman; and here he is worse off than ever. The reader wonders, as he himself did, how he can possibly ascend to this climax of starvation. To overreach a blind beggar might be thought easy. The reader will judge by a specimen or two. The old fellow used to keep his mug of liquor between his legs, that Lazarillo might not touch it without his knowledge. He did, however; and the beggar

discovering it, took to holding the mug in future by the handle. Lazarillo then contrives to suck some of the liquor off with a reed, till the beggar defeats this contrivance by keeping one hand upon the vessel's mouth. His antagonist upon this makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, filling it up with wax, and so tapping the can with as much gentleness as possible, whenever his thirst makes him bold. This stratagem threw the blind man into despair. He "used to swear and domineer," and wish both the pot and its contents at the devil. The following account of the result is a specimen of the English translation of the work, which is done with great tact and spirit, we know not by whom, but it is worthy of De Foe. Lazarillo is supposed to tell his adventures himself. "'You won't accuse me any more, I hope,' cried I, 'of drinking your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it?' To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which dissembling at that time, he let me alone till next day. at dinner. Not dreaming, my reader must know, of the old man's malicious stratagem, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, and receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up *the sweet, but hard pot,* with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; with the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment; my forehead, nose, and mouth gushing out of blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can. From that time forward I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy. He washed my sores with wine; and with a smile, 'What sayest thou,' quoth he, 'Lazarillo? the thing that hurt thee now restores thee to health. Courage, my boy.' But all his raillery could not make me change my mind."

At another time, a countryman giving them a cluster of grapes, the old man, says Lazarillo, "would needs take that opportunity to show me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day before. So setting ourselves down by a hedge, 'Come hither, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'and let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; which, that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me, and I promise you, for my part, I shall take no more.' That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time he took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I would do the same. And finding he had shown me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time; sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could. When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, 'Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo,' quoth he, 'for I could take my oath, that thou hast taken three at a time.—'Who, I! I beg your pardon,' quoth I, 'my conscience is as dear to me as another.'—'Pass that jest upon another,' answered the old fox; 'you saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and therefore you took three.' At that I could hardly forbear laughing; and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning." Lazarillo at length quitted the service of the old hard-hearted miser, and revenged himself upon him at the same time in a very summary manner. They were returning home one day on account of bad weather, when they had to cross a kennel which the rain had swelled to a little torrent. The beggar was about to jump over it as well as he could, when Lazarillo persuaded him to go a little lower down the stream, because there was a better crossing; that is, there was a stone pillar on the other side, against which he knew the blind old fellow would nearly dash his brains out. "He was mightily pleased with my advice. 'Thou art in the right on it, good boy,' quoth he, 'and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speakest of; the water is very dangerous in winter, and

especially to have one's feet wet.' And again—'Be sure to set me in the right place, Lazarillo,' quoth he; 'and then do thou go over first.' I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar, and so leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. 'Now you jump,' quoth I; 'and you may get over to rights, without ever touching the water.' I had scarce done speaking, when the old man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the greater vigour, and so his head came with a vengeance against the stone pillar, which made him fall back into the kennel half dead." Lazarillo stops a moment to triumph over him with insulting language; and then, says he, "resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about, till I had got the town-gate upon my back; and thence marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at Torrigo."

At the house of the priest, poor Lazarillo gets worse off than before, and is obliged to resort to the most extraordinary shifts to arrive at a morsel of bread. At one time he gets a key of a tinker, and opening the old trunk in which the miser kept his bread (a sight, he says, like the opening of heaven), he takes small pieces out of three or four, in imitation of a mouse; which so convinces the old hunks that the mice and rats have been at them, that he is more liberal of the bread than usual. He lets him have in particular "the parings above the parts where he thought the mice had been." Another of his contrivances is to palm off his pickings upon a serpent, with which animal a neighbour told the priest that his house had been once haunted. Lazarillo, who had been used when he lived with the beggar to husband pieces of money in his mouth (substituting some lesser coin in the blind man's hand, when people gave him anything), now employs the same hiding-place for his key; but whistling through it unfortunately one night, as he lay breathing hard in his sleep, the priest

concludes he has caught the serpent, and going to Lazarillo's bed with a broomstick, gives him at a venture such a tremendous-blow on the head, as half murders him. The key is then discovered, and the poor fellow turned out of doors.

He is now hired by a lofty-looking hidalgo; and follows him home, eating a thousand good things by anticipation. They pass through the markets, however, to no purpose. The squire first goes to church too, and spends an unconscionable time at mass. At length they arrive at a dreary, ominous-looking house, and ascend into a decent apartment, where the squire, after shaking his cloak, and blowing off the dust from a stone seat, lays it neatly down, and so makes a cushion of it to sit upon. There is no other furniture in the room, nor even in the neighbouring rooms, except a bed "composed of the anatomy of an old hamper." The truth is, the squire is as poor as Lazarillo, only too proud to own it; and so he starves both himself and his servant at home, and then issues gallantly forth of a morning, with his Toledo by his side, and a countenance of stately satisfaction; returning home every day about noon with "a starched body, reaching out his neck like a greyhound." Lazarillo had not been a day in the house before he found out how matters went. He was beginning, in his despair of a dinner, to eat some scraps of bread which had been given him in the morning, when the squire, observing him, asked what he was about. "Come hither, boy," said he, "what's that thou art eating?"—"I went," says Lazarillo, "and showed him three pieces of bread, of which taking away the best, 'Upon my faith,' quoth he, 'this bread seems to be very good.'—''Tis too stale and hard, sir,' said I, 'to be good.'—'I swear 'tis very good," said the squire; 'who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that gave it thee?'—'I took it without asking any questions, sir,' answered I, 'and you see I eat it as freely.'—'Pray God it may be so,' answered the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine; adding to every mouthful, 'Gadzooks, this bread is excellent.'"

Lazarillo, in short, here finds the bare table so completely turned upon him that he is forced to become provider for his master as well as himself; which he does by fairly going out every day and begging; the poor squire winking at the indignity, though not without a hint at keeping the connection secret. The following extract shall be our climax, which it may well be, the hunger having thus ascended into the ribs of Spanish aristocracy. Lazarillo, one lucky day, has an ox-foot and some tripe given him by a butcher-woman. On coming home with his treasure, he finds the hidalgo impatiently walking up and down, and fears he shall have a scolding for staying so long; but the squire merely asks where he has been, and receives the account with an irrepressible air of delight. "I sate down," says Lazarillo, "upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was feasting; and observed, without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"*May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor squire:* daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him, for since he had told me he had dined I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat; but in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, 'Lazarillo,' quoth he (as soon as he observed me begin to eat), 'I never saw anybody eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company, let their stomachs be never so full, or their mouth be never so much out of taste.' Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him: 'Sir,' said I, 'good stuff makes a good workman. This is

admirable bread, and here's an ox-foot so nicely dressed and so well seasoned that anybody would delight to taste of it.'

"'How!' cried the squire, interrupting me, 'an ox-foot?' —'Yes, sir,' said I, 'an ox-foot.'—'Ah! *then*,' quoth he, '*thou hast, in my opinion, the delicatest bit in Spain;* there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing that I like nearly so well as that.'

"'Will you please to try, sir?' said I (putting the ox-foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread): 'when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that it is a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.'

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour, what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. 'Oh! the excellent bit,' did he cry, 'that this would be with a little garlic!' Ha! thought I to myself, how hastily thou eatest it without sauce. 'Gad,' said the squire, 'I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to-day:' which I did very readily believe.

"He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was as full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had had any. When his squireship had drank, he civilly invited me to do the like; and thus ended our feast."

We hope the reader is as much amused with this prolongation of the subject as ourselves, for we are led on insensibly by these amusing thieves, and find we have more to write upon them before we have done. We must give another specimen or two of the sharping Spaniard out of Quevedo. The *Adventures*, by-the-way, of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, were written in the sixteenth century by a Spanish gentleman, apparently of illustrious family, Don Diego de Mendoza, who was sometime ambassador at Venice. This renders the story of the hidalgo still more curious. Not that the author perhaps ever felt the proud but condescending pangs which he describes; this is not necessary for a man of imagination. He merely meant to give a hint to

the poorer gentry not to overdo the matter on the side of loftiness, for their own sakes; and hunger, whether among the proud or the humble, was too national a thing not to be entered into by his statistic apprehension.

The most popular work connected with sharping adventures is *Gil Blas*, which, though known to us as a French production, seems unquestionably to have originated in the country where the scene is laid. It is a work exquisitely easy and true; but somehow we have no fancy for the knaves in it. They are of too smooth, sneaking, and safe a cast. They neither bespeak one's sympathy by necessity, nor one's admiration by daring. We except, of course, the robbers before mentioned, who are a picturesque patch in the work, like a piece of rough poetry.

Of the illustrious *Guzman d'Alfarache*, the most popular book of the kind, we believe, in Spain, and admired, we know, in this country by some excellent judges, we cannot with propriety speak, for we have only read a few pages at the beginning, though we read those twice over, at two different times, and each time with the same intention of going on. In truth, as Guzman is called by way of eminence the Spanish Rogue, we must say for him, as far as our slight acquaintance warrants it, that he is also "as tedious as a king." They say, however, he has excellent stuff in him.

We can speak as little of *Marcos de Obregon*, of which a translation appeared a little while ago. We have read it, and, if we remember rightly, were pleased; but want of memory on these occasions is not a good symptom. Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His *Visions of Hell*, in particular, though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying. But our business at present is with his *History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds. We* do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who is no

better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then a school-boy, was elected king on some boyish hôliday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip-tops; upon which, having feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who, agreeably to a Spanish custom, was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he hallo'd out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonza Saturuo de Rebillo. She is my mother."

Paul used to be set upon unlucky tricks by the son of a man of rank, who preferred enjoying a joke to getting punished for it. Among others, one Christmas, a counsellor happening to go by of the name of Pontio de Auguirre, the little Don told his companion to call Pontius Pilate, and then to run away. He did so, and the angry counsellor followed after him with a knife in his hand, so that he was forced to take refuge in the house of the schoolmaster. The lawyer laid his indictment, and Paul got a hearty flogging, during which he was enjoined never to call Pontius Pilate again; to which he heartily agreed. The consequence was that next day, when the boys were at prayers, Paul, coming to the "Belief," and thinking that he was never again to name Pontius Pilate, gravely said, "Suffered under Pontio de Auguirre;" which evidence of his horror of the scourge so interested the pedagogue, that, by a Catholic mode of dispensation, he absolved him from the next two whippings he should incur.

But we forget that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played upon people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He

accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well-pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming, "You're a dead man!" makes a fierce lunge at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear; the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where are the box of comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow."—"Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter, the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and, under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.

Upon turning to Quevedo, we find that the story has grown a little upon our memory as to detail; but this is the spirit of it. The prize here, it is to be observed, is something eatable; and the same yearning is a predominant property of Quevedo's sharpers, as well as the others.

We must return a moment to the Italian thieves, to relate a couple of stories related of Ariosto and Tasso. The former was for a short period governor of Grafagnana, a disturbed district in the Apennines, which his prudent and gentle policy brought back from its disaffection. Among its other troubles were numerous bands of robbers, two of the names of whose leaders, Domenico Maroco and Filippo Pacchione, have come down to posterity. Ariosto, during the first days of his government, was riding out with a small retinue, when he had to pass through a number of suspicious-looking armed men. The two parties had scarcely cleared each other, when the chief of the strangers asked a servant, who happened to be at some distance behind the others, who that person was. "It is the captain of the citadel here," said the man—"Lodovico Ariosto." The stranger no sooner heard the name than he went running back to overtake the governor, who, stopping his horse, waited with some anxiety for the event. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but I was not aware that so great a person as the Signor Lodovico Ariosto was passing near me. My name is Filippo Pacchione; and when I knew who it

was, I could not go on without returning to pay the respect due to so illustrious a name."

A doubt is thrown on this story, or rather on the particular person who gave occasion to it, by the similarity of an adventure related of Tasso. Both of them, however, are very probable, let the similarity be what it may; for both the poets had occasion to go through disturbed districts; robbers abounded in both their times; and the leaders being most probably men rather of desperate fortunes than want of knowledge, were likely enough to seize such opportunities of vindicating their better habits, and showing a romantic politeness. The enthusiasm too is quite in keeping with the national character; and it is to be observed that the particulars of Tasso's adventure are different, though the spirit of it is the same. He was journeying, it is said, in company with others, for better security against the banditti who infested the borders of the papal territory, when they were told that Sciarra, a famous robber, was at hand in considerable force. Tasso was for pushing on, and defending themselves if attacked; but his opinion was overruled; and the company threw themselves, for safety, in the city of Mola. Here Sciarra kept them in a manner blocked up; but hearing that Tasso was among the travellers, he sent him word that he should not only be allowed to pass, but should have safe-conduct whithersoever he pleased. The lofty poet, making it a matter of delicacy, perhaps, to waive an advantage of which his company could not partake, declined the offer; upon which Sciarra sent another message, saying, that upon the sole account of Tasso the ways should be left open. And they were so.

We can call to mind no particular German thieves, except those who figure in romances, and in the *Robbers* of Schiller. To say the truth, we are writing just now with but few books to refer to; and the better informed reader must pardon any deficiency he meets with in these egregious and furtive memorandums. Of the *Robbers* of Schiller an extraordinary effect is related. It is said to have driven a number of wild-headed young Germans upon playing at

banditti, not in the bounds of a school or university, but seriously in a forest. The matter-of-fact spirit in which a German sets about being enthusiastic is a metaphysical curiosity which modern events render doubly interesting. It is extremely worthy of the attention of those rare personages, entitled reflecting politicians. But we must take care of that kind of digression. It is very inhuman of these politics, that the habit of attending to them, though with the greatest good-will and sincerity, will always be driving a man upon thinking how his fellow-creatures are going on.

There is a pleasant, well-known story of a Prussian thief and Frederick the Second.

We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case seemed clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had *given* him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary was to deny their religion: while, on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonise impudence itself. The worthy judges, in their perplexity, applied to the king, who, under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have its due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prussian subject, military or civil, to *accept* a present from the Virgin Mary.

The district formerly rendered famous by the exploits of Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, and since become infamous by the tyranny of Ali Bey, has been very fertile in robbers. And no wonder; for a semi-barbarous people so governed become thieves by necessity. The name, indeed, as well as profession, is in such good receipt with an Albanian, that, according to late travellers, it is a common thing for him to begin his history by saying, "When I was a robber——"

We remember reading of some Albanian or Sclavonian leader of banditti, who made his enemies suppose he had a numerous force with him by distributing military caps upon the hedges.

There are some other nations who are all thieves, more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character. Such are the piratical Malays; the still more infamous Algerines; and the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia. As to the Arabs, they have a prescriptive right, from tradition as well as local circumstances, to plunder everybody. The sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee and other black empires on the Coast of Guinea are more like a government of murderers and ogres than thieves. They are the next ruffians, perhaps, in existence to slave-dealers. The gentlest nation of pilferers are the Otaheitans, and something is to be said for their irresistible love of hatchets and old nails. Let the European trader that is without sin cast the first paragraph at them. Let him think what he should feel inclined to do, were a ship of some unknown nation to come upon his coast, with gold and jewels lying scattered about the deck. For no less precious is iron to the South Sea Islander. A Paradisiacal state of existence would be, to him, not the Golden, but the Iron Age. An Otaheitan Jupiter would visit his Danaë in a shower of tenpenny nails.

We are now come to a very multitudinous set of candidates for the halter—the thieves of our own beloved country. For what we know of the French thieves is connected with them, excepting Cartouche; and we remember nothing of him, but that he was a great ruffian, and died upon that worse ruffian, the rack.

There is, to be sure, an eminent instance of a single theft in the *Confessions* of Rousseau; and it is the second greatest blot in his book; for he suffered a girl to be charged with and punished for the theft, and maintained the lie to her face, though she was his friend, and appealed to him with tears. But it may be said for him, at anyrate,

that the world would not have known the story but for himself: and if such a disclosure be regarded by some as an additional offence (which it may be thought to be by some very delicate as well as dishonest people), we must recollect, that it was the object of his book to give a plain unsophisticated account of a human being's experiences; and that many persons of excellent repute would have been found to have committed actions as bad, had they given accounts of themselves as candid. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that all children were thieves and liars: and somebody, we believe a Scotchman, answered a fond speech about human nature, by exclaiming that "human nature was a rogue and a vagabond, or so many laws would not have been necessary to restrain it." We venture to differ, on this occasion, with both Englishman and Scotchman. Laws in particular, taking the bad with the good, are quite as likely to have made rogues as restrained them. But we see, at anyrate, what has been suspected of more orthodox persons than Rousseau; to say nothing of less charitable advantages which might be taken of such opinions. Rousseau committed a petty theft; and miserably did his false shame, the parent of so many crimes, make him act. But he won back to their infants' lips the bosoms of thousands of mothers. He restored to their bereaved and helpless owners thousands of those fountains of health and joy: and before he is abused, even for worse things than the theft, let those whose virtue consist in custom think of this.

As we have mixed fictitious with real thieves in this article, in a manner, we fear, somewhat uncritical (and yet the fictions are most likely founded on fact; and the life of a real thief is a kind of dream and romance), we will despatch our fictitious English thieves before we come to the others. And we must make shorter work of them than we intended, or we shall never come to our friend Du Vall. The length to which this article has stretched out will be a warning to us how we render our paper liable to be run away with in future.

There is a very fine story of Three Thieves in Chaucer, which we must tell at large another time. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Falstaff. If, for a momentary freak, he thought it villainous to steal, at the next moment he thought it villainous not to steal.

"Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not. And yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not. And yet he talked wisely; and in the streets, too.

"*P. Henry.* Thou didst well; for 'Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.'

"*Falstaff.* O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

"*P. Henry.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

"*Falstaff.* Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

We must take care how we speak of Macheath, or we shall be getting political again. Fielding's *Jonathan Wild the Great* is also, in this sense, "caviare to the multitude." But we would say more if we had room. Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostros and other adventurers, is a thief not at all to our taste. We are continually obliged to call his mother to our recollection, in order to bear him. The only instance in which the character of an absolute profligate pickpocket was ever made comparatively welcome to our graver feelings, is in the extraordinary story of "*Manon l' Escaut,*" by the Abbé Prevost. It is the

story of a young man, so passionately in love with a profligate female, that he follows her through every species of vice and misery, even when she is sent as a convict to New Orleans. His love, indeed, is returned. He is obliged to subsist upon her vices, and, in return, is induced to help her with his own, becoming a cheat and a swindler to supply her outrageous extravagances. On board the convict-ship (if we recollect) he waits on her through every species of squalidness, the convict-dress and her shaved head only redoubling his love by the help of pity. This seems a shocking and very immoral book; yet multitudes of very reputable people have found a charm in it. The fact is, not only that Manon is beautiful, sprightly, really fond of her lover, and, after all, becomes reformed; but that it is delightful, and ought to be so, to the human heart, to see a vein of sentiment and real goodness looking out through all this callous surface of guilt. It is like meeting with a tree in a squalid hole of a city; a flower or a frank face in a reprobate purlieu. The capabilities of human nature are not compromised. The virtue alone seems natural; the guilt, as it so often is, seems artificial, and the result of some bad education or other circumstance. Nor is anybody injured. It is one of the shallowest of all shallow notions to talk of the harm of such works. Do we think nobody is to be harmed but the virtuous; or that there are not privileged harms and vices to be got rid of, as well as unprivileged? No good-hearted person will be injured by reading "Manon l'Escaut." There is the *belief in goodness* in it; a faith, the want of which does so much harm, both to the vicious and the over-righteous.

The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume, to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief

and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a large scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, and "showed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the greenwood shade delightful.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Avershaws, and other heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*, who have no redemption in their rascality; and after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity, betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Sheppard must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks-out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Bucaniers of America; but these are fellows, with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company." Their history disappoints us with its dryness.

All hail! thou most attractive of scapegraces! thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road! thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon," Monsieur Claude Du Vall, whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude Du Vall, according to a pleasant account of him in the *Harleian Miscellany*, was born at Domfront, in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre Du Vall, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris, and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts, Charles the Second or Cluade du Vall. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices") soon reduced him to the necessity of going

upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honour to be named first." "He took," says his biographer, "the generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies, making a point of frightening them as amiably as possible, and insisting upon returning any favourite trinkets or keepsakes, for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices."

It was in this character that he performed an exploit which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of four hundred pounds in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension by seeing them whisper to one another and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays; Du Vall takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach side. 'Sir,' says he to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one coranto with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable:' which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Du Vall performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great riding French boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her

coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him, which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds:' and giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

"This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the ladies had for Du Vall; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a gentleman.* First, here was valour, that he and but four more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting-gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and besides, Du Vall had much the worst cause, and reason to believe that whoever should arrive would range themselves on the enemy's party. Then he showed his invention and sagacity, that he could, *sur le champ*, and, without studying, make that advantage on the lady's playing on the flageolet. He evinced his skill in instrumental music by playing on his flageolet; in vocal, by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no violins, Du Vall sung the coranto himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave; his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity, in taking no more; his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit."

The noise of the proclamation made Du Vall return to Paris; but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign, however, did not last long after his restoration.

He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken in consequence at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos Street. His life was interceded for in vain: he was arraigned and commited to Newgate; and executed at Tyburn in the twenty-seventh year of his age; showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison and when dead at the fatal tree.

Du Vall's success with the ladies of those days, whose amatory taste was of a turn more extensive than delicate, seems to have made some well-dressed English gentlemen jealous. The writer of Du Vall's life, who is a man of wit, evidently has something of bitterness in his railleries upon this point; but he manages them very pleasantly. He pretends that he is an old bachelor, and has never been able to make his way with his fair countrywomen, on account of the French valets that have stood in his way. He says he had two objects in writing the book. "One is, that the next Frenchman that is hanged may not cause an uproar in this imperial city; which I doubt not but I have effected. The other is a much harder task: to set my countrymen on even terms with the French, as to the English ladies' affections. If I should bring this about, I should esteem myself to have contributed much to the good of this kingdom.

"One remedy there is, which, possibly, may conduce something towards it.

"I have heard that there is a new invention of transfusing the blood of one animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an Englishman. I am against that way of experiments; for, should we make all Englishmen sheep, we should soon be a prey to the *louve*.

"I think I can propose the making that experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all gentlemen, who have been a full year or more out of France, be let blood weekly, or oftener, if they can bear it. Mark how much they bleed; tranfuse so much French lacquey's

blood into them; replenish these last out of the English footmen, for it is no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this operation *toties quoties*, and in process of time you will find this event: either the English gentlemen will be as much beloved as the French lacqueys, or the French lacqueys as little esteemed as the English gentlemen."

Butler has left an Ode, sprinkled with his usual wit, "*To the happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du Vall*," who

> "—Like a pious man, some years before
> Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
> Made every day he had to live
> To his last minute a preparative;
> Taught the wild Arabs on the road
> To act in a more gentle mode;
> Take prizes more obligingly from those,
> Who never had been bred *filous;*
> And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
> Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation."

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakespeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence.

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow

on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This, at least, is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed, of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half-an-hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies,"—fellows

who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?"—"Very cold, sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, sir . . . I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however—get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use?" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather."—"Yes, sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, sir."—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by-the-bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed).—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better

advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's — at Fletcher's — at Spenser's — at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

"Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his "Seasons"—

"Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?"

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter

of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

SEAMEN ON SHORE.

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground he turns his back on all salt beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

His first sensation on landing is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full

dressed he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe, on a white stocking and a *natty* shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trouser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands half open, as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold), he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two, if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trousers with some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease, to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the *Ship* makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole; in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis, and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the *Ship*, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nanse, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and

in trouble, leaves five half crowns for her, which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the Port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and *Rule Britannia;* pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white nightcap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback, and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he had seen the Turks ride: "Only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, "they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft, and shovels like for stirrups." He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the *Negurs* dance, and the monkeys pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him, and taught him to make trousers. He has a sister at a "School for Young Ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does; telling him, however, that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb, no higher than the window locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantel-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and "God bless you's!" and home-made gingerbread.

His officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally

speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart-load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an undertone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face;" and so he proves it, by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home he says to his sister, with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?"—"Not I, by the Lord."—"That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster)—"I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."—"Twelve *guineas!*" exclaims the sister; and then drawling forth, "Why—my—*dear* George," is proceeding to show him what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West-Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of

quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he may. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt, that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to everybody else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to

maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as, "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at anyrate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as, for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home everywhere, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitan beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punch-bowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovley Nancy, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakespeare, and to Shakespeare himself. Ovid, in recording his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (*Trist.* Lib. IV., v. 51.) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, with great satisfaction. Now, such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet might be able to reckon up a series of connecting shakes, to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the story from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Seldon, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakespeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous

side-branches or common friendships. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Spenser's intimacy with Sidney is mentioned by himself in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE fifth of May, making the due allowance of twelve days from the twenty-third of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birthday of Shakespeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in everything. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have him with her on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover.

O thou divine human creature—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher—and yet thou wast all three—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature. We walk in them, with whatever society we please; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us among the holiday lasses on the green sward; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers: bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets; anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The

tears which thou fetchest down are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birthdays of such men as Shakespeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birthday will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations.

In the meantime, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakespeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written *health*, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline, however, may be drawn of the manner in which such a birthday might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties.—If any of our readers, then, have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakespeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to

walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much; but to read it, if they read anything; and to feel that Shakespeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakespeare had neither the vanity which induces a man to be disgusted with what everybody can enjoy; nor, on the other hand, the involuntary self-degradation which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were, as they have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what has been already written about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakespeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birthday, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery Lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakespeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban mansion and gardens of his friend, Lord Southampton, occupied the spot now called Southampton Buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The

Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by with a bridge over it; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner Shakespeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the dessert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out aloud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subject which Shakespeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of *Thou soft-flowing Avon*. If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by everybody's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

From having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point,

that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle-doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of freethinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many. A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated Mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil, in a well-known passage of the Georgics; "Felix qui potuit," etc., exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being, who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far; yet he insinuates his disbelief in Tartarus, in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sibyl, after the description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions. Cæsar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open senate; and Cicero, in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence, —"ineptiis ac fabulis."

But however this plain-dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason to believe, that even in those times, the people, in general, were strong upon points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cicero and Cato to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered, from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the

gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which, to say t least of it, was in bad taste—the defacing the statues of Mercury—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed perhaps only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic the particular appellation of pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he now and then lecture his poetical friends upon this point, respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (Book I. Ode xxxiv.), in which he says, that he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works, and is, at all events, of an equivocal character, that would serve his purpose on either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The greater multitude believed anything; the very few disbelieved everything; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which, while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of the creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagances, in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude, whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd, and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured everything by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning

and hypocritical. The over-refining followers of Plato, endeavouring to pierce into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes, and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatisms of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient mythology is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world: and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical; as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noonday from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not inquire, in this place, how far the *mass* of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotic anthropomorphitism; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears, and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject, rather than courting it; nor how it is that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them has been unable to bring back their frightened theology from the angry and avaricious pursuits into which they fled for refuge. But, setting aside the portion of terror, of which heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world, in consequence of the very visions presented to their imagination,

than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things as between a populace believing in fairies and a populace not believing. The latter is in the high road to something better, if not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of the mere worldly commonplaces about it, twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors, and which would bless him also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same word which expressed piety towards the gods expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona; or the calm groves of the Eumenides; or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto; or the Great Temple of the mysteries at Eleusis; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by! This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was

poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favourite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

In all this there is a deeper sense of another world than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present; of its varieties, its benignities, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry self-existing things, peopled with mere successive mortalities, and unconnected with any superintendence or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel, that they should be so: and yet Love might make heavens of them, if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

ANGLING.

The anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said No, but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says,

"Here we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking

him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws—

"Other joys
Are but toys."

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half-a-dozen agreeable women is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ankles with weeds and stones—

"Other joys
Are but toys."

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does indeed

seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy. Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies, indeed, had been a little superabundant, and left him, perhaps, not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject than in those of his father.

Walton says that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented;" and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)—

"There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll *prove it just*, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey."

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; sheer beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be

racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed, among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

> "We scratch not our pates,
> Nor repine at the rates
> Our superiors impose on our living;
> But do frankly submit,
> Knowing they have more wit
> In demanding, than we have in giving.
>
> Whilst quiet we sit,
> We conclude all things fit,
> Acquiescing with hearty submission," etc.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men, luckily, had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now, fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

> "Other joys
> Are but toys."

We repeat that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a foot-pad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say that all anglers are of a cruel nature; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought, perhaps, on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

OF DREAMS.

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavour to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal. We must own that the effects of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either, as to dissatisfy us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs, by his ignorance of that *primum mobile*, which is the soul of everything. In the meantime, while they go on with their laudable inquiries (for which we have a very sincere respect), it is our business to go on recommending a taste for results

as well as causes, and turning everything to account in this beautiful star of ours, the earth. There is no reason why the acutest investigator of mysteries should not enjoy his existence, and have his earthly dreams made as pleasant as possible; and for our parts, we see nothing at present, either in body or soul, but a medium for a world of perceptions, the very unpleasantest of whose dreams are but warnings to us how we depart from the health and natural piety of the pleasant ones.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us when the suspension of the will has been reduced to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper, and forth issue, pell-mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been stored within the brain, and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's drunken sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel.

We were about to say, that being writers, we are of necessity dreamers; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming. But extremes appear to meet on this, as on other occasions, at least as far as the meditative power is concerned; for there is an excellent reasoner now living, who, telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the *Arabian Nights*, was answered with great felicity, "Then you never dream." It turned out that he really dreamt little. Here the link is impaired that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dreamt; which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten anything that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker and of a delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt

but sparingly; but then when he did, his dreams were fantastic though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories we may add, that dreams are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months; for during our two years' confinement in prison, we did not dream more than twice of our chief subjects of reflection, the prison itself not excepted. The two dreams were both connected with the latter, and both the same. We fancied that we had slipped out of jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

It is certain enough, however, that dreams in general proceed from indigestion; and it appears nearly as much so, that they are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer. It is probable that a trivial degree of indigestion will give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind; while, on the other hand, a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful creation in a dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep as a tragedian, "for that night only." The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic; Italian pickles partake of the same spirit of Dante; and a butter-boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy-trees, and enormous mandragoras. The plain is also full of all sorts of somniculous plants, and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the river Lethe, called by others the Nightbringer, whose course is inaudible, and like

the flowing of oil. (Spenser's follower, Browne, has been here—

> "Where consort none other fowl,
> Save the bat and sullen owl;
> Where flows Lethe without coil,
> Softly, like a stream of oil."
>
> —*Inner Temple Mask.*)

There are two gates to the city: one of horn, in which almost everything that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night; and there are others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and slender; others distorted, humped, and monstrous; others proper and tall, with blooming, good-tempered faces. Others, again, have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of Domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service; and they are followed by some of the others that bring him good or bad news, generally false; for the inhabitants of that city are, for the most part, a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing and thinking another. This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream!

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity; Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones, which is judicious, for they are very common; but unless Natalis Comes, who is not a very bright person, misrepresents him, he makes them of the melancholy class, which, in general, they are not.

"In airy sanguine dreams aloft we bound."

Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant, than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race; for besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasability, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. "One has only," says he, "to give a little spring with one's foot, so, and—oh! it's the easiest and most obvious thing in the world. I'll always skim hereafter." We dreamt once that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them, and nothing could be more satisfactory and commonplace on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a courtesy, hoped for friends and favours, etc., and then showed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. "Perhaps, sir," said she, "you would like to try the room." Upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits, now taking the height of it, like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles, like a swallow. "Very pretty flying, indeed," said we, "and very moderate."

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic enough; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of stomach? Thus, you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who, besides being your friend, shall be your enemy; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, you are only so at something not surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once is the most ordinary of commonplaces; but that, being a bull, he should have

horns, is what astonishes you; and you are amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a school-boy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than prose; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall most likely have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition; and a head too much thrown back give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The nightmare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons merely for lying on their backs; which shows how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes it lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth, and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony arises at every step. You would protest against so

malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a præternatural effort, awake.

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in thè bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true, —what a delicious sensation is that! On the other hand, to dream of a friend or a beloved relative restored to us,—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back out of the grave, and too painful to dwell upon,—what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we wake! How true, and divested of all that is justly called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife,—

> "But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
> I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night."

It is strange that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind is true to nature, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion; a small canzone by Sanazzaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch, Sonnet xxxiv. vol. 2., Sonnet lxxix. ib., and the canzone beginning

> "Quando il soave mio fido conforto."

But we must be cautious how we think of the poets on this most poetical subject, or we shall write three articles

instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as they are apt to be, like the young lady's in the *Adventures of a Lapdog*, who, blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, "My Lord, I am wholly yours," when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.

SPRING.

THIS morning as we sat at breakfast, thinking of our present subject, with our eyes fixed on a set of the British Poets, which stand us instead of a prospect, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wallflowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers, came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself,—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there,—the new life,—the Spring,—and the rain-drops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring!* At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh; and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as

full of beauty as a bud,—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Spring-time, a Spring-green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out,—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Prima-vera,*—which is what he calls Spring—Prima-vera, that is to say, the *first Vera*, or Ver of the Latins, the *Veer* (*βηρ* Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks; and what that means, nobody very well knows. But why *Prima*-Vera? and what is *Seconda*, or second Vera? The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk, little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*,—full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweetbriars, and sunbeams.

> "Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring,"

says the poet, speaking of the "wood-born people" that flocked about fair Serena. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera!* How much more sudden and starting, like the boundings of the kids! *Prima-vera* is a beautiful word; let us not gainsay it; but it is more suitable to the maturity, than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better,—or rather Greek word; for, as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek,—like almost every good thing in Latin. It is a pity one does not know what it means; for the Greeks had

"good meanings" (as Sir Hugh Evans would say); and their *Ver*, *Feer*, or *Ear*, we may be sure, meant something pleasant,—possibly the rising of the sap; or something connected with the new air; or with love; for etymologists, with their happy facilities, might bring it from the roots of such words. Ben Jonson has made a beautiful name of its adjective (Earinos, vernal) for the heroine of his "Sad Shepherd,"—

"Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring;
Born with the primrose and the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance;
And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap
Leap'd out."

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty back-ground of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring has come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. She may pluck away a poor little life here and there; nay, many blossoms of youth,—but not all,—not the whole garden of life. She prunes, but does not destroy. If she did,—if she were in the mind to have done with us,—to look upon us as an experiment not worth going on with, as a set of ungenial and obstinate compounds which refused to co-operate in her sweet designs, and could not be made to answer in the working,—depend upon it she would take pity on our incapability and bad humours, and conveniently quash us in some dismal, sullen winter's day, just at the natural dying of the year, most likely in November; for Christmas is a sort of Spring itself, a winter-flowering. We care nothing for arguments about storms, earthquakes, or other apparently unseasonable interruptions of our

pleasures:—we imitate in that respect the magnanimous indifference, or what appears such, of the Great Mother herself, knowing that she means us the best in the *gross;* —and also that we may all get our remedies for these evils in time, if we co-operate as before said. People in South America, for instance, may learn from experience, and *build* so as to make a comparative nothing of those rockings of the ground. It is of the *gross* itself that we speak; and sure we are, that with an eye to *that*, Nature does not feel as Pope ventures to say she does, or sees "with equal eye"—

> "Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

He may have flattered himself that he should think it a fine thing for his little poetship to sit upon a star, and look grand in his own eyes, from an eye so very dispassionate; but Nature, who is the author of passion, and joy, and sorrow, does not look upon animate and inanimate, depend upon it, with the same want of sympathy. "A world" full of loves, and hopes, and endeavours, and of her own life and loveliness, is a far greater thing in her eyes, rest assured, than a "bubble;" and *à fortiori*, many worlds, or a "system," far greater than the "atom" talked of with so much complacency by this divine little whipper-snapper. *Ergo*, the moment the kind mother gives promise of a renewed year with these her green and budding signals, be certain she is not going to falsify them; and that being sure of April, we are sure as far as November. As to our existence any further, that, we conceive, depends somewhat upon how we behave ourselves; and therefore we would exhort everybody to do their best for the earth, and all that is upon it, in order that it and they may be thought worth continuance.

What! shall we be put into a beautiful garden, and turn up our noses at it, and call it a "vale of tears," and all sorts of bad names (helping thereby to make it so), and yet confidently reckon that Nature will never shut it up, and have done with it, or set about forming a better stock of inhabitants? Recollect, we beseech you, dear "Lord Worldly

Wiseman," and you, "Sir Having," and my lady "Greedy," that there is reason for supposing that man was not always an inhabitant of this very fashionable world and somewhat larger globe; and that perhaps the chief occupant before him was only of an inferior species to ourselves (odd as you may think it), who could not be brought to only know what a beautiful place he lived in, and so had another chance given him in a different shape. Good heavens! If there were none but *mere* ladies and gentlemen, and city men, and soldiers, upon earth, and no poets, readers, and milkmaids, to remind us that there was such a thing as Nature, we really should begin to tremble for Almack's and Change Alley about the 20th of next October!

A CHAPTER ON HATS.

We know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapt in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced; our only resource (which is also difficult) being to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milkwomen they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how

uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in everything else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud, just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at nightfall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on: ye, admiring, trudge: we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which, tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gateway, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue; and alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of its well-built crown, its graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of its rim, its shadowing gentility when seen in front, its arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

"How changed from him,
That life of measure and that soul of rim!"

Think of the paper-like change of its consistence; of its limp sadness—its confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border: though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine.* But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather: but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power:—we must write upon him. For every other purpose we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place its only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called: we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the

Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions: but there are wicked imaginations who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's Street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51 Oxford Street, London:—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognitions aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty; not to mention its chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres you may bring it away covered with saw-dust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure is a great poke in its side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off; and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of its nap and your own. If you take it off, where is its refuge? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in his nightcap? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably? Or the regular traveller, who, in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in

vain to request to be tender? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing? In the morning you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it; till the market-woman exclaims, "Deary me! Well—Lord, only think! A hat is it, sir? Why, I do believe—but I'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a-buying; and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord help us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning!"

It is but fair to add, that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap is too small to be a substitute. Its only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on; and to this end we used to rub it into the back or side of the head, where it hung like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play: it seems as if

"Moulded on a porringer;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
A custard coffin, a bauble."

But we may not add

"I love thee well, in that thou likest it not;"

Ill befall us if we ever dislike anything about thee, old nurse of our childhood! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when everybody else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient; for a negro, who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it

necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people; and they liked to be so; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in everything else; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may see upon the bust of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads upon occasion—after the fashion of the hoods of the middle ages, and of the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. Of a similar mode are the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded appears to have come from Italy, as seen in the portraits of Raphael and Titian; and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors up to that period were great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the Eighth. The ascendancy of Spain in those times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, as a child does

his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front; then came pinches up at the side; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of its victories when young. We remember its going away from the heads of the foot-guards. The heavy dragoons retained it till lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, etc. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from all custom, is a cocked hat with the front flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining behind. This is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still, however, the true cocked hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in its connection with the high-bred drawing-room times of the seventeenth century; in the gallant though quaint ardour of its look; and in its being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and the hand slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb—that could not easily die. We remember when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked hat for a round one; there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of its capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

"Had not yet lost
All his original beaver; nor appeared
Less than arch-steward ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured."

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by its having been deposed by the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans, which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grandees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence, and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing, for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's

dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY-CORNER.

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim story now-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's-head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten everybody, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and its hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions—fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with respect; and this is the reason why less talents are required to enforce it than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on One Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad; and Indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage?

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives

become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age; but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are commonplaces to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's-head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun compelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to give him the heart of truth, are quite puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His Little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious: for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, of callousness, or of morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite, as much as possible, objects such as they are in life, with a preternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one—at least to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility—they should imply some great sentiment—something that comes out of

the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When "the buried majesty of Denmark" revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised; and the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not affecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the framework. Burns, in his *Tam O'Shanter*, shows the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to retain the one; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

"Coffins stood round like open presses,
Which showed the dead in their last dresses:
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each, in his cauld hand, held a light."

Re-animation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of commonplace and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change; and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanised dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that

it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser is that of Maleger: (*Fairy Queen*, b. II. c. xi.)

> "Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
> That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
> Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
> Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
> But of such subtile substance and unsound,
> That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound."

Mr. Coleridge, in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the *Ancient Mariner* (which works out, however, a fine sentiment), does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when its crew are dead; but re-animates, for a while, the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive; till a worm gnawing through the prop, he falls down.—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with something mortal or supernatural is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teazed, and enticed with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the poem above mentioned. The most appalling personage in Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in its own reverse. "Death," not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems to turn commonplace itself into a sort of spectral doubt.

But we must come to Mr. Coleridge's story with our subtlest imaginations upon us. Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life

in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys' Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus.

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgences contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet his love for her was one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned upon his anger might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon while living than to forget when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him. It was rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself, or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risk by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees even his rage followed his other older habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He ate and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had

just entered the rails of the burial-ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him, with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up, "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter, and by the divine light of the setting sun read these words:

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife:

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha."

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world—Life

and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and locomotion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him: for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of inquiry he said, "Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's reappearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for a while; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But

she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought than of unhappiness.

For a year or two the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said, that to be at Otto's house must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to show that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others was a secondary thing in his mind to the indulgence of it. Whether it was that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was that his old habits returned upon him; not so often indeed, but with greater violence and pride when they did. These were the only times at which his wife was observed to show any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me!* To me, who if the world knew all"—— At these words his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He and two or three who were present were struck with a dumb horror. They said she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last one of them gently

opened it; and looking in they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last one of them went round in front and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and childlike penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of Ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured-looking, earnest kind of person. It was said, many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might do.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (nor do the "first circles" despise the preference of a kettle to an urn, as the third or fourth may do), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which everybody likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, etc. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that "comparisons are odious," our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likable in anything, for its own-sake, without trying to render it unlikable from its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation overnight, etc. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable went and stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us! We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in

the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet, unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability, —the "smile without a smile," as the poet beautifully calls it.

Furthermore (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible before the meat comes), we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant movable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat into the head of a country squire of the old class that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr. Franklin cut off his son with a shilling for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to eat his dinner as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheep-fold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for an half-an-hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative-sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so, happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with

positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sate looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the "little Pickle" presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathise with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand;* its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which, perhaps, is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affection for such a master. But Johnson's true practical

delicacy in the matter is beautiful. Be assured that he thought nothing of "condescension" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No: in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly he went out, and bought food for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt Court! But doubtless he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say, if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon!! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronising giants?) and last, not least, horrible merciless tramples of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea,

when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was mashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

PLEASANT MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

ONE of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art, that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones: for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would tease and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will comfort us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us; and yet some pleasant images are at hand, even there, to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness.

In St. Giles's church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself, too, is a handsome one; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbourhood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and showed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis! And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakespeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote some of his plays. Globe Lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain, that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bankside, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger, in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect anything poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard Street. Gray was born in Cornhill; and Milton in Bread Street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories

to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street; in Aldersgate Street, in Jewin Street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew Close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's Inn Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion Square; in Scotland Yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Ben Jonson, who was born in "Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate Street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time was the Devil tavern, in Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew Close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's step-father made him help him in his business of brick-layer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's Inn garden wall, which looks towards Chancery Lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stands in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes) lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdett, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second,—

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate,"—GRAY.

Her "mate's" heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; otherwise, after reading one of Shakespeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night-time as we used. Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie," received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others, known in the literary world, were bred two of the best and most deep-spirited writers of the present day, whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the site of Hatton Garden died John of Gaunt. Brook House, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the "friend of Sir Philip Sidney." In the same street died, by a voluntary death of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton,—

"The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride."
—WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the graveyard of the workhouse in Shoe Lane;—a circumstance at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's Inn lived, and in Gray's Inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton Row, Holborn, Cowper was fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At one of the Fleet Street corners of Chancery Lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of

which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt Court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell. Congreve died in Surrey Street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort Buildings was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock Street was then, we believe, the Bond Street of the fashionable world; as Bow Street was before. The change of Bow Street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the *Beggar's Opera.* Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell Street, near where the Hummums now stand; and in the same street, at the south-west corner of Bow Street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm-chair. The whole of Covent Garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose Street, and was buried in Covent Garden churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester Square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town-mansion of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard Street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury Street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's Street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing Cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up

on his arrival from Ireland, in King Street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament Street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakespeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's-head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's-head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

SECRET OF SOME EXISTING FASHIONS.

Fashions have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of the aged. Even fashions, otherwise convenient, as the trousers that have so long taken place of small-clothes, often, perhaps, owe their continuance to some general defect, which they help to screen. The old are

glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter there are more limbs, perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. The pertinacity of certain male fashions during the last twenty years we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trousers, when the Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. For this period, if for this only, we are of opinion, that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to *retain* them in both countries, for which the revolutionary government cannot account. Mr. Hazlitt informs us in his *Life of Napoleon*, that during the consulate all the courtiers were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Buonaparte luckily settled the matter by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped; nor in this instance did it begin: for it is understood that it was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested, the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trousers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well, and is conversing with the most agreeable of physicians. He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loath to give it up. On a sudden he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests

both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By-and-by, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt collar, and give them an investment at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it. Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually within limits, forth he sends a frill in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at which the women have been transported to kiss; though, for that matter, they will kiss it still, and be transported too. The wristband looks forth, and says, "Shall I help to cover it?" and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical. But finally the legs: they were amongst the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the time of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were not Apollo and Hercules found in them together, to the delight of the dowagers? And shall the gods be treated with disrespect, when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No. Round comes the kindly trouserian veil (as Dyer of *The Fleece* would have had it); the legs retreat, like other conquerors, into retirement; and only the lustre of their glory remains, such as Buonaparte might have envied.

THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

PEOPLE undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose that our perceptions and sensations are more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What, then, is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure—we may colour their existence in the gross, though we must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot control the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot even do this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride and ignorance and despair in it than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past but the future; and it would settle the future,

merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, "You can build no higher than our heads."

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle everything by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shows its feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasurable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or rearrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope

when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never, perhaps, feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the conscientiousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of buoyancy and self-possession, in which a sick man must not despair of, because

he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair-play to the other side of the question. To return to our main point. After childhood comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable!" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has suspended. It must do by our comfort as a friend may do by one's books—enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing for himself or others. The latter suffers and discovers why. He suffers even more because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns, too, to apply his knowledge to his own case; and he sees, that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him, perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is

pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him what no want of thought would have done: while on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon these points, the inference is easy: he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakespeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon; and with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter as when his royal impatience induced him to say that everything was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air: and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than the "wisest heart" bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence. Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path? Superstition answers only to

perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments that may carry forward their own good? "A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility than you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them?

ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right:—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful; but in one of them the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good, upon the whole, is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excitement, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right on that account to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as

well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can sympathise with our happiness is to suppose that he can sympathise with our misery; but to suppose that he can sympathise with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature, therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations, though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering, as nature must guard against permanent; she carves out our work for us in the gross: we must attend to it in the detail. To leave everything to her would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer—first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability; and thirdly (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described;—they think they shall be damned also if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better, and hasten to make amends for it by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unhealthy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in heaven as he does in the Manchester coach. Never mind who suffers outside, woman or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a Margate hoy, which professed to "sail by Divine Providence." Walking about the deck at night to get rid of the chillness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap. Upon stooping down we found it to be a woman. The Methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

SUPERSTITION THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle everything. We no more think so than that our eyesight can see into all existence. But it does not follow that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle everything, that it runs in despair into the arms of irrationality.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

"God Almighty!
There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!"

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakespeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see fairplay, and things on a level. —"But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid."—Well, then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain, and, by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy, and yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without disquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself braced up in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons: invalids have missed the accompaniment of a gunshot wound; and the world is angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shows the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen is candid, and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ADVICE.

It has been well observed, that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

HAPPINESS, HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason for which we call this earth a vale of tears we might call heaven, when we got there, a hill of sighs; for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there are no fields or trees there; and that we nevertheless could imagine them, and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing as a stream of air,—as a wind fanning one's face for a summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy! What a beatitude to anticipate! Suppose, above all, that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

MY BOOKS.

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my

feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books,—how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights;* then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio;* then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! "We had talk, sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fireplace in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a piece of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remember at the very worst that one end of my

native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a bookcase is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannise over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of side-long mind's-eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense

apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France;" and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrait* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books, and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the bookcases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C. L., and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in

Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and twopence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are "neat as imported." The very perusal of the backs is a "discipline of humanity." There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the "high fantastical" Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C., who also includes Italian among his humanities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakespeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who, though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H. R.'s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however, is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R., which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious

piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time (and I am eight-and-thirty), half-a-dozen decent-sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary bookcases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off; but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world "as it goes," taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I feel, in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out

of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanity. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favourite purchases neatly bound. The books I like to have about me most are—Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the *Arabian Nights*, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's *Morals*. For most of these I like a plain, good, old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my *Arabian Nights* may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child: and I think some books, such as Prior's Poems, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, or old Pope by the wayside, and

> "Vanity Fair,
> With the Pilgrims suffering there."

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the *Tale of a Tub*, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man, representing Avarice, at the beginning of *Enfield's Speaker*, the *Looking-Glass*, or some such book; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age antiquities as the *Village School*. The oldest and most worn-out woodcut, representing King Pippin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one

hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feats of the Gallant London 'Prentice, cannot excite in me a feeling of ingratitude. Cooke's edition of the *British Poets and Novelists* came out when I was at school: for which reason I never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the *Fairy Tales*, which Mr. Cooke did not publish. Besides, they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. Cooke realised the old woman's *beau ideal* of a prayer-book,—"A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type:"—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so "superbly ornamented" and so inconceivably cheap? Sixpence could procure much before; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his country) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie, but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the *Arabian Nights*, his female extricated from the water in the *Tales of the Genii*, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now, as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, "with his mother's compliments." The present might have been more lavish, but I hardly thought of that. I remember my number. It was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious love!" The picture and the number

appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad;* travel with us, ruralise with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of *Camilla*, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

"At his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed, in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,—"

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves

known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium* upon trust; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his bookshelves, where he adored it, like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another; nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books, either in those dark ages, as they are called,

("Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—")

or in the gay town days of Charles II., or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure:—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs and petit-maîtres, talk as romantically of "the bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it

with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of Nature and her energies; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general; but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion, like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these—I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus is the god of it. Bacon, a mighty bookman, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue, and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books; of old scholars sitting in dusty studies; of heaps of "illustrious obscure," rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the "thorny queaches" of Dutch and German names into the "vacant interlunar caves" of appellations latinised

or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded. men, sitting in old woodcuts, in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen, as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before mentioned. The other is of too bookworm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarenghius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one; to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side? Or how could I stick up Coke upon Littleton against something on the dinner-table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there were nothing else to show for it in Shakespeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind; and any country town would be solitude to Shakespeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback; and there is evidence of

all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbours' children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers :—

"And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookès for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credènce,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertèly, that there is gamè none,
That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,
But it is seldome on the holy daie;
Save certainly whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
And that the flourès ginnen for to spring.
Farewell my booke and my devociön."

—*The Legend of Good Women.*

And again, in the second book of his *House of Fame*, where *the eagle* addresses him :—

-Thou wilt make
At night full oft thine head to ake,
And in thy study as thou writest,
And evermore of Love enditest.
In honour of him and his praisings,
And in his folkès furtherings,
And in his matter all devisest,
And not him ne his folke despisest,
Although thou mayst go in the daunse
Of hem, that him list not advance;
Therefore as I said, ywis,
Jupiter considreth well this.
And also, beausire, of other things;
That is, thou hast no tidings
Of Lovès folke, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing else that God made,
And not only fro ferre countree,
But no tidings commen to thee,
Not of thy very neighbouris,
That dwellen almost at thy dores;
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For whan thy labour all done is,
And hast made all thy rekenings,
Instead of rest and of new things,

> Thou goest home to thine house anone,
> And all so dombe as anie stone,
> Thou sittest at another booke,
> Till fully dazed is thy looke."

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed, when a boy, by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself, years after, when Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine), and died among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers." A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me), that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman), the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it; both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a bookman; he was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise; he dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader; the *Tale of a Tub*, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of a scholarly wit; the *Battle of Books* is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business, and will either be

attended to at the expense of the writer's books, or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good, with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a bookman; he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself: he had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved," as Johnson says (in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness), "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task, but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organisation, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "builded

rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice, with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

> " Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades.
> Huc ades, o formose puer; tibi lilia plenis
> Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais
> Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
> Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi."

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last, which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespeare says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry, and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed, it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion.* Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all those lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired? How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates

and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

> "Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
> E l' uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni."

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

> "The assembled souls of all that men held wise."

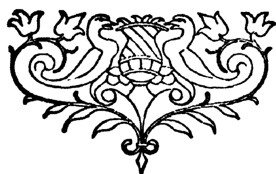
May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

> "Oh that my name were number'd among theirs,
> Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and

think can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.





NOTES.





NOTES.

THE Essays contained in this volume are taken, with two exceptions, from *The Indicator*, *The Companion*, and *The Seer*, all three, in every shape and form, long since out of print. The first two papers—"Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry" and "Pocket-books and Keepsakes"—have never before been printed under the name of their author. They are taken from *The Keepsake* for 1828, where they appeared anonymously.

The Indicator, as I have stated in my introduction, was originally published in serial weekly numbers, containing papers, reviews, poems, paragraphs, etc., a large number of which were never reprinted. Each number consisted of eight pages printed in octavo (9 inches by 5½), and sold at twopence. The first number appeared on Wednesday, October 13, 1819; with No. lii. (Wednesday, October 4, 1820) the first volume ends. No. liii. (Wednesday, October 11, 1820) begins a new volume, which terminated prematurely with No. lxxvi. (Wednesday, March 21, 1821). This number is followed by an index to the twenty-four numbers of the volume, and a note in which, on account of ill-health, "the Indicator takes leave of his readers." These seventy-six numbers, comprising the first series, "were printed and published," says the colophon to each number, "by Joseph

Appleyard, No. 19 Catherine Street, Strand; and sold also by A. Gliddon, importer of stuffs, No. 31 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden."

On Saturday, July 5, 1823, there appeared the first number of *The Literary Examiner*, a paper designed to relieve the columns of *The Examiner* from the pressure of reviews and other literary matter. The title-page is as follows:—"*The Literary Examiner;* consisting of The Indicator, a Review of Books, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse." (London: Printed for H. L. Hunt, 38 Tavistock St., Covent Garden, 1823.) In this paper appeared twelve articles called "The Indicator" (Nos. lxxvii.-lxxxviii.), only the first seven of which were by Hunt, Nos. lxxxiv.-lxxxviii. being distinguished by a sub-title, "For the Indicator." All these articles were contained in the first sixteen issues of *The Literary Examiner*, which ceased with No. xxvi., Saturday, December 27, 1823.

Meanwhile, another hand had continued the weekly issue of *The Indicator*, from the time when Hunt dropped it at No. lxxvi.; No. lxxvii. being sub-headed "No. i., New Series." The publication continued up to No. c., and I believe beyond it. Nos. lxxvii.-xciv. were "Printed by W. Keene, No. 76, Brydges Street, Covent Garden; and published by T. Onwhyn, No. 1, Catherine Street, Strand." Nos. xcv.-c. bear the imprint of G. Merle, 89, Strand. It was sold by the same Gliddon who sold the original series.

The Companion, a periodical almost precisely similar in nature to *The Indicator*, consisted of twenty-nine weekly numbers, each containing twice the number of pages as *The Indicator*, and issued at double the price. The first number is dated Wednesday, January 19, 1828; and the last, Wednesday, July 23, 1828. It was published by Hunt & Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden.

The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed, a collection of essays in two parts, the first containing Nos. i.-xxxviii., and the second Nos. xxxix.-lxvi.,—was published in 1840-41 by Moxon. "The following essays," it is stated in the preface, "have been collected, for the first time, from such of the author's periodical writings as it was thought might furnish another publication like *The Indicator*. Most of them have been taken from the *London Journal;* the remainder from the *Liberal*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Tatler*, and the *Round Table*." The motto on the title-page, "Love adds a precious seeing to the eye," explains the somewhat ambiguous signification of the title.

In 1834 Leigh Hunt made a selection of all the essays he considered worth preserving in the *Indicator* and *Companion*, and published them in one volume with Colbourn. A second reprint, in two parts, double-columned, was made by Moxon in 1840. It is from this volume that I have made my selections. With a view to representing Hunt only by his very best work, I have omitted a paragraph or passage here and there: no other alteration has been made. For most of the bibliographical details in this note I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Alexander Ireland (whose collection of published and inedited work of Leigh Hunt is probably the most complete in existence), and of Mr. J. Dykes Campbell, who also called my attention to the two articles in the *Keepsake*, which he was the first to identify, from the original MSS. in his possession.

Page 1.—*Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry.* I am not sure that Leigh Hunt does not touch his highest point of style in the best parts of this paper. One fragment in a lengthy essay (*A Walk from Dulwich to Brockham*) has something of the same richness of sound and colour. "A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed

in the setting sun, like the dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina—a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups and crowned heads, the more than wine colour of their sleepy silk, and the funeral look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe." These last five words contain more poetry than any five hundred lines of Hunt's formal verse, charming in its gay and gracious way as that often was.

Page 8.—*Pocket-Books.* The conceit of Eternity keeping a pocket-book is derived from Milton's Latin poem, *De Ideâ Platonicâ*, alluded to in the text. Hunt gives in a footnote a beautiful version of the lines in question :—

> "And thou, that in some antre vast,
> Leaning afar off dost lie,
> Otiose Eternity,
> Keeping the tablets and decrees
> Of love, and the ephemerides
> Of the gods, and calendars
> Of the ever festal stars."

Page 35.—*The Fair Revenge.* "The elements of this story," says Hunt, "are to be found in the old poem called *Albion's England.*" Shelley, with his instinct for the exquisite, "took to the story," Hunt tells us (*Autobiography*, ch. xvi.). The conclusion especially, and above all the last five sentences, can scarcely be over-praised for delicacy and suggestiveness of touch. Is it fanciful to think that there is something, in the quiet charm of narrative, reminding one of the exquisite little masterpieces, such as *Denys l'Auxerrois* or *Sebastian van Storck*, produced in our day by a writer whose reticence, compression, and careful felicity of workmanship stand in the very strongest contrast to Hunt's easy fluency and diffuse luxuriance of grace?

Page 41.—*Deaths of Little Children.* This grave and tender essay was a favourite with Charles Lamb.

Page 52.—*On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving.* "I could never understand to this moment," writes Hunt, "what it is that made the editor of a magazine reject an article which I wrote, with the mock-heroical title of "The Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving." I used to think he found something vulgar in the title. He declared that it was not he who rejected it, but the proprietor of the magazine. The proprietor, on the other hand, declared that it was not he who rejected it, but the editor. I published it in a magazine of my own, *The Companion*, and found it hailed as one of my best pieces of writing" (*Autobiography*, ch. xxiii.). One testimony to this effect occurs in a letter of Carlyle to Hunt, dated Craigenputtoch, April 8th, 1834. Carlyle calls the paper "a most tickling thing ; not a word of which I can remember, only the whole *fact* of it, pictured in such subquizzical sweet-acid geniality of mockery, stands here, and, among smaller and greater things, will stand."

Page 55.—*An Earth upon Heaven.* Suggested, as is intimated in the first sentence, by Hazlitt's famous essay on "Persons one would wish to have known."

Page 59.—*A "Now."* "The paper that was most liked by Keats, if I remember, was the one on a hot summer's day, entitled 'A Now.' He was with me when I was writing and reading it to him, and contributed one or two of the passages." (*Autobiography*, ch. xvi.)

Page 67.—*Realities of Imagination.* This fine essay, some parts of it particularly fine, is expanded and disfigured, in its original form, by two lengthy digressions, containing a long extract from Milton's "Comus," and another longer one from Ben Jonson. These extraneous paragraphs I have omitted.

Page 103.—*Shaking Hands.* The person last mentioned was Hazlitt.

Page 105.—*Coaches.* The hero of the Irish post-chaise incident was Shelley. The MS. poem purporting to be written by Lucy V—— L—— (Lucy Vaughan Lloyd) was written by

Keats. Anyone who is curious to know more of the collegiate stage-coachman, Bobart, will find a few more particulars about him in the *Autobiography*, ch. v. This paper was a favourite with Lamb.

Page 128.—*The Daughter of Hippocrates.* "This story," says Leigh Hunt, "is founded on a tradition still preserved in the Island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, vol. ii., where he gives an account of *Tirante the White.*"

Page 144.—*Tea-Drinking.* This capital little paper forms the latter half of the second number of the series named *Breakfast in Summer.*

Page 149.—*A Few Thoughts on Sleep.* "Hazlitt's favourite paper (in the *Indicator*) was the one on *Sleep*; perhaps because there is a picture in it of a sleeping despot; though he repeated, with more enthusiasm than he was wont to do, the conclusion about the parent and the bride." (*Autobiography*, ch. xvi.)

Page 174.—*Bricklayers and an old Book.* The book is Bochart's *Geographia Sacra*, Leyden, 1707. I have omitted the prosy and not too pertinent conclusion which spoils the essay in its original form; but I should be sorry altogether to lose from this volume the prize bull, as Hunt justly calls it, which it encloses. Hunt himself was so fond of the story that he introduced it in one or two other places. "An Irish labourer laid a wager with another that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. The hod is occupied, the ladder ascended, there is peril at every step. Above all, there is life and the loss of the wager at the top of the ladder, death and success below! The house-top is reached in safety; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. 'Well,' said he 'you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third storey *I had hopes.*'"

Page 179.—*Thieves.* After the story of the Cid's illustrious theft, Hunt adds, in a foot-note too good to be lost, "See Mr. Southey's excellent compilation, entitled, *The Chronicle of the Cid*, book iii., sec. 21. The version at the end of the book, attributed to Mr. Hookham Frere, of a passage out of the *Poema del Cid*, is the most native and terse bit of translation we ever met with. It rides along, like the Cid himself on horseback, with an infinite mixture of ardour and self-possession; bending, when it chooses, with grace, or bearing down everything with mastery."

Page 215.—*Seamen on Shore.* This essay gains, I think, greatly by the omission of the original concluding paragraph, introducing a hackneyed quotation from Chaucer.

Page 221.—*Social Genealogy.* I have given only the first part —a small proportion—of this paper. The remaining portion—"the authorities for our intellectual pedigree"— contains little of interest or novelty.

Page 235.—*Of Dreams.* I have omitted the excerpt of Coleridge's *Pains of Sleep*, with the digression relating to it. The essay was written when Coleridge's poems were considered, as Hunt says, "too imaginative to be understood by the critics," and when the poem would have all the effect of unfamiliarity.

Page 269.—*Memories of the Metropolis.* The "eminent writer on legislation" was Bentham; the "celebrated critic and metaphysician," Hazlitt. The two scholars of Christ Hospital were Coleridge and Lamb.

Page 274.—*Secret of some Existing Fashions.* The "polished old gentleman" who is seen conversing with the "most agreeable of physicians," is George IV., and the physician, Sir William Knighton.

Page 277.—*Thoughts and Guesses on Human Nature.* This paper was a favourite with Lamb.

Page 286.—*My Books.* This paper was written during Hunt's residence in Italy. The initials, "W. H.," stand for William Hazlitt; "N." stands for Vincent Novello; "H. R." indicates Henry Robinson, the treasurer of

Covent Garden Theatre, an old friend of Hunt's; "C. L." is of course Charles Lamb. I may give here, as an appropriate conclusion to these jottings, and an apt epilogue to the volume, Lamb's sonnet to Hunt, published in the *Indicator*, near the beginning of an essay on *Commendatory Verses*.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

"Your easy essays indicate a flow,
Dear friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek;
And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe
That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
Such observation, wit, and sense, are shown,
We think the days of Bickerstaff returned;
And that a portion of that oil you own,
In his undying midnight lamp which burned.
I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.
Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
Hunt, your best title yet is INDICATOR."

—CHARLES LAMB.



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